The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November, *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

SURVEY.

This "Survey" can only deal with books published between August 15th and September 15th, and these were few. The General Election has for the moment distinctly told on publishing, though the number of new books produced has not diminished. In theology one of the most important works published is probably Dr. W. Moeller's 'History of the Christian Church,' A.D. 1—600 (Sonnenschein). It is a handsome volume, carefully translated, and to say the least, entitled to rank with the very best works of the kind. The Religious Tract Society has issued a neat and serviceable edition of the Epistles of Polycarp and Clement in a small volume. Archbishop Magee's speeches have been reprinted by Messrs. Isbister, under the careful editorship of his son.

In Poetry and the Drama, Mr. George Eyre Todd's 'Scottish Poetry of the Sixteenth Century,' in his Abbotsford Series of Scottish Poets, is a well-edited, cheap, and interesting collection. Mr. Meynell's collection of poems about children contains some good original verses.

In Biography the most notable book is perhaps Dr. John Smith's Life of Henry Martyn, published under the title, 'Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar,' by the Religious Tract Society. Dr. Smith has used freely the lately published Journal of Lydia Grenfell, and he has applied his great knowledge of the East, and especially of missions, to bring out the full significance of Martyn's life. A well-edited edition of Martyn's Journals, which have been long out of print, would be very valuable. There is some interest in Hew Ainslie's 'Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns,' published by Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, but Ainslie's biographer takes him a great deal too seriously. Mr. Elton has written for Messrs. Cassell a timely biography of Columbus. It is scholarly, of course, and it is also remarkably interesting.

In general literature we find two republications from *Punch*—one Mr. R. C. Lehmann's 'Mr. Punch's Prize Novels,' some of which are good, others very much the reverse. Even the worst of them shows very hard study, Mr. Lehmann's researches having been apparently extensive and minute. A second series of Mr. F. Anstey's 'Voces Populi' is issued by Messrs. Longmans in a handsome volume, very well illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge. The get-up, though pretty, is hardly congruous. Great cleverness is still shown in the sketches, marred by very great blunders, such as "Ann Teak" in 'The British Museum,' and a certain something which is perhaps neither pessimism nor cynicism, but recalls both. The impression left on reading the book through is on the whole disagreeable. Mr. Anstey has it in him to do much greater work than this.

Of novels none seem to stand out very conspicuously. 'Aunt Anne' has enjoyed a well-deserved popularity, and Mrs. Clifford is at present the author of the hour. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has declared that she is one of the five or six writing women on whom the future of fiction depends much more than it does on the men. It would be interesting to have a list of those women. One would probably be Miss Adeline Sergeant, who has divided the honours with Mrs. Clifford. Her 'Story of a Penitent Soul' is a pronounced success. Messrs. Blackwood have issued a very neat and cheap reprint of Mr. Hamerton's finest work, 'Marmorne.'

A literature is growing up devoted to journals and journalism. The curiosity about the personality of writers for the press steadily increases, and some of the most popular magazines are recognising it. The series of books on the press which Mr. Henry Norman was to edit and Mr. Fisher Unwin to publish apparently hangs fire. Mr. Massingham has issued through the Religious Tract Society a pleasant little volume on 'The London Daily Press,' in which will be found much to inform and nothing to offend. The book is introduced by a sermonic preface from the Committee of the Religious Tract Society.

THE SEASON'S OUTLOOK.

We have consulted one of the most experienced members of the wholesale trade on the prospects of the season. He reports as follows:—

The rush of the book season is now within measurable distance, and in a few weeks publishers and booksellers will be working at high pressure to meet the demands of the book-buying public. The prospects of the season from a publisher's point of view are favourable; whether they will be as favourable for booksellers remains to be seen. The past two or three months have been very depressing to the retailer, as the output of books has considerably passed

the average for the time of year, but unfortunately there has been no corresponding demand on the part of the book-buying public, and as a consequence their stock remains heavy.

As yet not very many books of the first importance are announced, but it is said that many of the principal publishers are holding back some of their best books on account of the delay experienced in securing their copyright in the United States. Experience has shown the working of the American Copyright Act is full of difficulties to the English author, and altogether of less value than was at first hoped.

Among the most eagerly expected religious books of the season is the volume of essays and lectures by Canon Liddon. Among the subjects are, 'Is Christianity on the Decline?' 'Does the Political Future of Christianity threaten its Decline?' 'Jesus Christ and Buddha,' 'The Life of St. Paul,' 'Dante and Aquinas,' 'Dante and the Franciscans.'

One of the most interesting illustrations in the illustrated edition of Green's 'Shorter History,' at present being brought out by Messrs. Macmillan, will be the reproduction of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell's mother. It has been photographed from a picture in the possession of a direct descendant of the Protector's, and was "discovered," so to speak, by Mrs. J. R. Green during a visit to a country house. The face is a very remarkable one indeed, and must be of much interest to all believers in heredity.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has, we hear, given up his intention of visiting India this autumn.

Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling is at present engaged on a number of illustrations for a new edition of 'The Naulahka.'

We regret to hear that the Hon. Emily Lawless is still far from well, and that a new novel on which she has been engaged for some time has had to be laid aside.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has not yet commenced the actual writing of his next novel, and, as we intimated previously, it will not be commenced in *Scribner's* till the end of next year. He has nearly completed a play, which Mr. Henry Irving has accepted, with the view of producing it next autumn. The play has a subtle and original *motif*. The chief character is an elderly professor, who falls in love without understanding what has happened to him, and Mr. Irving's rendering of this part will be watched with great interest.

The opinions of novelists on novels are always interesting, whether one agrees with them or not. Mr. Hardy is known specially to admire the writings of George Gissing. Mr. Quiller-Couch favours Charles Reade. Mr. Barrie has been impressed by the cleverness of Miss Hannah Lynch's Daughters of Men.' Dr. Conan Doyle thinks 'The Wrecker' the best of Mr. Stevenson's books. Mr. Stevenson is not disposed to accept the usual judgment which puts 'Tess' at the head of Mr. Hardy's novels. He has been struck by the merits of Mr. Anstey's 'Pariah.'

A Life of George Gilfillan has been written by Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Watson, of Dundee, and will be published in November by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Gilfillan, who was a United Presbyterian minister in Dundee, was forty years ago a most popular writer, especially among young men, and was the "discoverer" of Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith, J. Stanyan Bigg, and other members of the "spasmodic school." His fame as a writer greatly diminished, but he plied his pen to the last, and continued to correspond with and generously encourage young men of talent.

Among younger literary men Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Alexander Anderson, of Edinburgh ("Surfaceman"), have both owned their obligations to him. In a letter of D. G. Rossetti's to Hall Caine, Rossetti says: "I remember your mentioning Gilfillan as having encouraged your first efforts. He was powerful, though sometimes rather 'tall' as a writer, generally most just as a critic, and lastly a much better man, intellectually and morally, than Aytoun, who tried to 'do for' him. His notice of Swift, in the volume in question, has very great force and eloquence. His whole edition of the *British Poets* is the best of any to read, being such fine type and convenient bulk and weight (a great thing for an arm-chair reader)."

Mrs. Watson is the author of the new novel, 'A High Little World, and What Happened There,' recently published by Messrs. Bentley. It has been highly praised and in much demand at the libraries, and we understand that the edition is now exhausted.

Mrs. Ireland, who is editing for Longmans 'Selections from the Letters of Miss Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle,' has found her task far from an easy one, owing to the large number of letters to choose from. Mrs. Ireland considers the letters as in many respects superior to those of Mrs. Carlyle, inasmuch as they are less introspective, less painful, and equally original and sparkling. She knew Miss Jewsbury well, and found her a most brilliant companion, good to the heart's core, but a little disregardful of some of the stricter conventionalities. The interest of the forthcoming book attaches beforehand to its connection with Mrs. Carlyle, who, though she wrote so much of her feelings, yet knew herself so little, and failed of producing a true portrait. She is more faithfully reflected in these letters of Miss Jewsbury's. The Letters are prefaced by a brief biographical sketch of Miss Jewsbury, whose relatives have been most anxious that some abiding literary memorial of her should be produced.

"Roy Tellet," the author of 'The Outcasts,' 'A Draught of Lethe,' 'Pastor and Prelate,' etc., has just finished a new novel. It has, we are informed, for its *motif* a very strange psycho-physiological problem that has often caused terrible consternation in the families of the rich and noble, but has hitherto escaped the notice of our novelists. Owing probably to a scientific training, the writer takes a special interest in such problems, and in the possibilities which they offer of artistic treatment.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have sold 643,000 copies of the 'Pickwick Papers' since Charles Dickens' death. This is exclusive of the large number of editions issued by other publishers. The profits on his works are said to amount to something like £8,000 a year.

We understand that Archbishop Magee's Life will not be issued till after the New Year. It will be a considerable work in two volumes, selling at 32s., and will be published by Messrs. Isbister.

The death of Mr. George Croom Robertson, late Professor of Mental Philosophy and Logic in the University College, London, which took place at his residence on Tuesday, September 20th, will be regretted. Mr. Robertson was an Aberdonian, a successful pupil of Professor Bain. The circumstances of his appointment to the chair of philosophy in University College in preference to Dr. Martineau are not yet forgotten. The vote was eight to six, and public opinion sided strongly with Dr. Martineau, but the rivals ultimately became warm friends, and Professor Robertson proved a most inspiring and succesful teacher. Aided by his accomplished wife, whose recent death was a fatal blow to him, he did much for the education of women students. The literary outcome of his work was disappointing to the many who expected great things from him. He wrote a little book on Hobbes for Blackwood's Philosophical Classics, contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' a few articles, and when quite a young man wrote in Chambers' 'Cyclopædia.' But his chief work, perhaps, was the editorship of *Mind*, a periodical conducted by him with sustained ability and energy, and with very little encouragement, for the long period of sixteen years.

Eta writes as follows to correct a statement in his review of Professor Nichol's 'Carlyle' in last month's Bookman: "In justice to Professor Nichol I must withdraw one count of my indictment. He did not confound with Lord Chancellor Eldon the only John Clerk of Eldin whose fame extended beyond Edinburgh. The Professor had in view, it appears, not the author of the Essay on Naval Tactics, whose claim to have originated the manœuvre of "breaking the line" gave rise to a considerable controversy, but his son, also a John Clerk, who was raised to the Scottish Bench with the courtesy title of Lord Eldin. However, as this second John Clerk does not appear to have written anything but law papers, I fail to see how he could have contributed, as Professor Nichol says he did, to render Edinburgh 'a literary centre of some original brilliancy.'"

We are delighted to hear that "Q." is to publish, through Messrs. Methuen, a small volume of verses, under the title 'Green Bays.'

An anthology, to be entitled 'A Book of English Prose,' collected by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Charles Whibley, will be published by Messrs. Methuen. It will be a companion book to Mr. Henley's well-known 'Lyra Heroica.'

The Rev. M. Kaufmann, the well-known writer on Socialism, is to publish a biography of Kingsley, which will deal especially with his achievements in social life. The authorised biography leaves much to be said in connection with this subject.

Miss Adeline Sergeant has received many offers of work since the success of her 'Story of a Penitent Soul.' The book, by the way, was published simultaneously in America, with her name attached, and, so far as we have observed, has not been very favourably criticised. In this country, on the other hand, it has been exceptionally well received. Miss Serjeant's experience seems to be that it is wise for the well-known writer to issue a book anonymously.

Miss Edna Lyall is to contribute the leading story to *Good Words*. She is somewhat averse to serial publication, but her difficulties have been overcome for a second time by Dr. Donald Macleod. Miss Lyall is one of the very few novelists a serial from whom perceptibly increases the circulation of a magazine.

The serial in the *Sunday Magazine* for next year is to be by the Rev. Silas K. Hocking.

Dr. Donald Macleod has a new volume of sermons in the press, to be entitled 'Christ in Society,' and to be published by Messrs. Isbister.

The *New World*, a Boston periodical, has a long article on Mr. Savage Armstrong's poetry by E. Cavazza. He is pronounced "a poet, sensitive, profound, and brilliant."

Messrs. Longmans and Co. will publish early in the autumn, both here and in America, a new novel, entitled 'A Moral Dilemma,' by Miss Annie Thompson. Readers of this author's 'Will Simpson's Funeral' will await with interest her first attempt at a long story.

Mr. Christie Murray is at present writing a new two-volume novel, to which he has given the title of 'A Rising Star.' We understand the story deals with the stage.

Messrs. George Newnes have acquired the remaining copyright in Dr. Doyle's 'The Sign of Four.' They will shortly issue a new edition of this the earliest and perhaps the best of the now famous Sherlock Holmes stories.

By-the-bye, we hear that Dr. Doyle has already written several of the new series to be commenced in the *Strand Magazine* in December next.

The new serial to commence in the November number of the *Leisure Hour* is entitled 'What Necessity Knows.' The author is Miss L. Dougall, whose 'Beggars All' excited so much interest last year.

Mr. Henry Herman is at present engaged writing a new story for Messrs. Tillotson and Sons' Newspaper Syndicate.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will issue almost immediately Mrs. A. W. Hunt's new novel, entitled 'Mrs. Juliet. The story has been running during the year through *Longman's Magazine*.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. are to be the American publishers of Mr. Collingwood's 'Life of Ruskin.'

Messrs. Cassell and Co. are about to issue a series of 'Penny Stories.'

Mr. W. Clark Russell is at present writing a new novel entitled 'The Emigrant Ship.' We understand it is first to see the light in the *People*.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. have ready for issue in the early autumn a sumptuous new edition of Hawthorne's Wonder Book. The illustrations, each of which is a work of art, are by Walter Crane, and are reproduced in colour.

Signorina Lida Cerruchini, formerly of Florence, now of Rome, who is engaged on an Italian translation of Rider Haggard's 'Jess,' has arranged for one of Rudyard Kipling's 'Light that Failed.' She has already executed Italian versions of a number of English works of fiction, among them many of Miss Braddon's and most of those of the late Wilkie Collins, from whom she received repeated assurances of his appreciation of the fidelity and elegance of her translations.

With reference to the paragraph in our September issue as to the publication of an illustrated edition, at five shillings, of 'The Little Minister,' Messrs. Cassell request us to say that a cheap edition at six shillings is the only one they will publish this season, and that it will not be illustrated.

Mr. Clifford Thomas, of Lincoln, announces he will publish during the coming season biographical notices of the Bishops of Lincoln, from Remigius to Wordsworth, by Canon Perry and Canon Overton.

Lord Charles Bruce, who, it is well known, has made a study of the contents of the Althorpe Library, has written an account of the most important books in the collection. This will shortly be published in a volume of some three hundred pages 4to, with numerous illustrations and facsimiles, under the title, 'Treasures of the Althorpe Library: The origin and development of the Art of Printing, illustrated by examples from the collection of Earl Spencer.' The publisher will be Mr. Elliot Stock.

The portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the September Bookman was from a copyright photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry. We regret that we were unaware of this, and consequently omitted to acknowledge our obligation.

The Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial* will consist of a story by Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Mrs. Clifford's new volume, entitled 'The Last Touches,' will be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black at the end of October.

The portrait of Professor Henry Drummond in our present issue is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, Dublin; that of Mrs. W. K. Clifford from a photograph by Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Grant Allen has just finished a new novel.

We hear that Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has already begun the illustrations with which Mr. Haggard's new Mexican story is to be embellished.

The stories by Mr. W. L. Alden which have been appearing in the *Idler* under the general title of 'Told by the Colonel,' are to be republished on their completion in book form. A novel by Mr. Alden, entitled 'A Lost Soul,' will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, almost immediately.

Mr. Edmund Gosse's first attempt in fiction, 'The Story of Narcisse,' will be published immediately. It was, we believe, Mr. Gosse's original intention to call it 'The Musical Skeleton.'

The serial in *Longman's Magazine* next year will be from the pen of Stanley J. Weyman.

Mr. Hall Caine had not a very pleasant time of it in Russia. Wishing to see as much of the real conditions of the country as possible, he did not travel as an ordinary tourist, but tried to live the life of the Russian emigrant. He had in consequence to undergo great hardships, and the scenes he saw, too, were a great strain on his feelings.

Franzos, the well-known author of 'For the Right,' has a new novel almost completed, called 'The Jester,' from which Mr. Caine expects great things.

Professor Lanciani, whose 'Ancient Rome' in the light of recent discoveries proved so successful, has just completed a new book entitled 'Pagan and Christian Rome.'

The Italians have undertaken to make the Greek and Latin inscriptions of the entire Roman Empire more accessible than they have hitherto been to the student. The selections of Orelli-Henzen and of Wilmanns were useful for purposes of teaching and illustration, but hardly of research; and the more complete collections were beyond the purse of the ordinary scholar. The Latin inscriptions have indeed been made fairly accessible by the energy of Mommsen. At a cost of about £70 one may become owner of all the folios of the Corpus and the octavos of the Ephemeris. But the Greek inscriptions have not been collected except in the most incomplete way: it would take more than £100 to purchase even the more important works in which they are scattered; and even then one would find numerous gaps in one's library.

Under the general editorship of Professor Hector de Ruggiero (editor also of the great Italian Dictionary of Roman Antiquities) the entire series of inscriptions, Greek and Latin, that throw any light on Roman Antiquities, are to be collected in four volumes, devoted to I. the City of Rome, II. the rest of Italy, III. the Eastern Provinces, IV. the Western Provinces. The mere epitaphs and fragments devoid of meaning are to be omitted, and the work will thus be lightened and made manageable. The experience of Dr. Murray's English Dictionary, and of the large French Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, which has been in publication more than fourteen years and has reached the letter E, might frighten the scholar who cannot reckon on the lifetime of a Hebrew patriarch; but the energy and rapidity with which the Italian scholars are carrying out, or have already completed, several other great undertakings of this kind, justify some trust in the confident assurance held out that the rapid execution of the work may be reckoned on. The publication will be in parts of thirty-two pages large octavo, costing 1½ francs or 1¾ francs, according as one subscribes to one volume or to two; and a beginning will

be made with volumes II. and III., which will be issued simultaneously, two parts per month.

The execution of the first part of Vol. II., which has been entrusted to a well-known scholar, Signor Dante Vaglieri, keeper of the Museum in the Baths of Diocletian, which will shortly be issued to subscribers, is excellent. It contains the religious inscriptions—Greek and Latin—of Latium, beginning with the calendar known as Fasti Praenestini. The dedications are arranged according to the names of the gods, Aesculapius, Agathodaemon, Aquae Albulae, Attis, Bacchus, Belenus, Bona Dea, etc. All inscriptions are given in the completest possible form; all abbreviations are completed, and all texts are restored as fully as scholarship has yet succeeded in restoring them. Everything has been done that can be done to make them intelligible. The Greek is accompanied by a Latin translation; and the notes, brief, pointed, and referring to all important illustrative literature, are also in Latin. A perusal of this first part will give a fair idea of the wealth of illustration of Roman literature that is contained in the inscriptions. No one ought to be allowed to teach even a higher Latin class at school until he has worked through either a set of selected inscriptions or two or three volumes of the Corpus.

Another book of great interest to Latin scholars has recently appeared—Professor Cagnat's large work on *L'Armée Romaine d'Afrique.* It throws a flood of light on the organisation and recruiting of the Roman Imperial Army, following on Mommsen's brief, but epoch-making, discussion of the system of recruiting the legions under the Empire. The large standing camps in the African provinces, and the number of important inscriptions that have been found, have made the African armies known far more thoroughly than any others. The territorial character that was given more and more as time went on to the legions is an interesting point. More and more also children born in the standing camps filled the ranks of the legions, causing the development of a regular military caste alongside of the class of serfs attached to the soil who also were a growth of the later Empire.

Dr. Flinders Petrie's exhibition of his recent discoveries is very interesting. A king who reigned over Egypt about 1400 B.C., Khuenaten, "glory of the sun," inherited from his foreign mother a freedom of spirit that made him revolt from the customs of Egypt and create a new religion, a new art, and a new city to be their home. A few years after his death his city was razed to the ground by his brother-in-law, and Egypt returned to her old ways. The relics of the city are now on view at 4, Oxford Mansions (until October 15th), before being divided among various museums of England and America.

Obedient to the motto which he chose, "living in truth," Khuenaten represents himself often as adoring the radiant energy of the sun. The rays, each ending in a hand, embody the omnipresent divine influence, nourishing, protecting, guiding, the king with his foreign wife and his daughters. The affection of the king for his family is expressed everywhere, and sometimes in charming and boldly artistic forms. Most remarkable, and perhaps unique in art, is the broken tablet, showing Khuenaten on his throne, with the queen sitting on his knee, one princess on the mother's arm and the other in the father's hands. There is no work of ancient art whose mutilation is more to be regretted.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.—The Last Touches, and other stories, by Mr. W. K. Clifford. Aladdin in London: a Romance, by Fergus Hume. A Tangled Web, by Lady Lindsay. 2 vols. The Divers: Romance of Oceania, by Hume Nisbet. Appleton's General Guide to the United States and Canada. 1892 edition illustrated.

Cambridge University Press.—The Old Testament in Greek according to the Septuagint, edited by H. B. Swete, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity and Fellow of Gonville and Caius College. Vol. III. Completing the edition. The Philocalia of Origen. The Greek text edited from the manuscripts, with critical apparatus and indexes, and an introduction on the sources of the text, by J. Armitage Robinson, B.D., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Christ's College. Adversaria Critica Sacra, by the late F. H. A. Scrivener, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. II. The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times, by the Rev. W. Cunningham, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Growth of British Policy, by J. R. Seeley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Two unfinished papers by the late Henry Bradshaw. The Science of International Law, being a general sketch of the historic basis of the rules observed by states in their normal and abnormal relations in the past and the present, by Thomas Alfred Walker, M.A., LL.M., of the Middle Temple. A Discourse of the Commonwealf of thys Realme of Englande. First printed in 1581, and commonly attributed to W. S. Edited from the MSS. by the late Elizabeth Lamond. Ancient Ships, by Cecil Torr, M.A., author of 'Rhodes,' etc. With numerous illustrations.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.—The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B., 1837-1862, with portrait. 2 vols. Diary of the Salisbury Parliament, by H. W. Lucy, author of 'A Diary of Two Parliaments,' illustrated by Harry Furness. King Henry VIII., with a series of photogravures from original drawings by Sir James Linton, P.R.I. With 20 full-page illustrations from the old masters and from contemporary portraits. Doré's Dante's Inferno, illustrated by Gustave Doré, with introduction by A. J. Butler, late Fellow Trinity College, Cambridge. The Medicine Lady, by L. T. Meade, author of 'A World of Girls.' 3 vols. The Snare of the Fowler, by Mrs. Alexander, author of 'The Wooing o't.' 3 vols. Out of the Jaws of Death, by Frank Barrett, author of 'Fettered for Life,' 'Lady Biddy Fane,' etc., 3 vols. A Blot of Ink, translated from the French of René Bazin by Q., author of 'Noughts and Crosses,' and Paul M. Francke. Fairway Island, by Horace Hutchinson, author of 'My Wife's Politics.' Playthings and Parodies, short stories by Barry Pain, author of 'In a Canadian Canoe.' The Perfect Gentleman, by the Rev. A. Smythe-Palmer, D.D., author of 'Folk Etymology-Leaves from a Word-Hunter's Note-book.' New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land, by B. T. A. Evetts, designed to present in a popular form some of the results of recent discoveries in the domain of Oriental archæology. Paddles and Politics down the Danube, by Poultney Bigelow. With illustrations by the author. A journal of a voyage down "the Danube" from its source to the Black Sea, with descriptions of the resident nations and casual discussions of the political situation. Illustrated with sketches made on the spot by Mr. Bigelow.

Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Limited.—The tenth and last volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia, with index to the complete work. A cheap edition of the Memoir of William and Robert Chambers. Robin Redbreast, new story by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by Robert Barnes. The Dingo Boys, a new adventure story of Australian life, by George Manville Fenn. Four on an Island, by L. T. Meade. The Paradise of the North, by D. Lawson Johnstone, author of Richard Treggellas. Cossack and Czar, a tale of Russia under Peter the Great, by David Ker. Imogen, or Only Eighteen, by Mrs. Molesworth. When We Were Young, by Mrs. O'Reilly. Through the Flood, the story of an Out of the Way Place, by Esmé Stuart. Five Victims, a school-room story, by M. Bramston. Some Brave Boys and Girls, by E. C. Kenyon. Through Storm and Stress, an adventure story, by J. S. Fletcher. Railways and Railway Men, by an Expert. Baby John, by the author of Laddie. Wilfrid Clifford, by E. C. Kenyon. Story of Watt and Stephenson. Story of Nelson and Wellington. John's Adventures, a tale of Old England, by Thomas Miller.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.—Blood Royal, by Grant Allen. Mrs. Juliet, by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. 3 vols. Susy, by Bret Harte. Santa Barbara, by Ouida. A cheap edition.

Messrs. James Clarke and Co.—A Rose of a Hundred Leaves. Illustrated. By Amelia E. Barr, author of 'Jan Vedder's Wife.' Gloria Patri; or, Our Talks about the Trinity, by James M. Whiton, Ph.D. A History of Church and Chapel Building, by James Cubitt. A Morning Mist, by Sarah Tytler. Queer Stories from Russia, by Capel Chernilo. The Bishop and the Caterpillar, and other Pieces, by Mary E. Manners. In the Far

Country. Illustrated. A tale for boys, by Albert E. Hooper. Illustrations by Ernold A. Mason. Sunday School and Village Libraries, by Thomas Greenwood, F.R.G.S. Hints for the Management of Village and Sunday School Libraries, with Lists of Suitable Books.

MESSRS. T. AND T. CLARK, EDINBURGH.—Christian Ethics, by Newman Smyth, D.D., and Apologetics, by Professor A. B. Bruce, D.D. Being the second and third volumes of The International Theological Library, edited by Professors Salmond and Briggs. The Gospel of a Risen Saviour, by Rev. R. McCheyne Edgar, M.A., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church. In this volume the fact of Christ's resurrection is first established on historical and critical grounds, and then the theological and spiritual significance of the Risen Saviour, whose existence has been established, is carefully exhibited. The Teaching of Jesus, by Professor H. H. Wendt, Heidelberg. The second, and completing, volume of the English translation. Old Testament Theology, by Professor H. Schultz, D.D., Gottingen. Authorised English translation.

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Journalist. The *New York World* is said to be failing. Since the recent libel case in London its English correspondence has been exceedingly poor and uninteresting. It has also got into disrepute for publishing bogus interviews. But its most serious error has been its attempt to make a sensation of the cholera business. It has frequently broken the quarantine regulations, communicated with the disease-bearing ships, and taken from them letters and telegrams which the telegraph operators refused to handle. This seems to have excited great indignation among the Americans, and it is said that it has seriously injured the paper.

A new sixpenny magazine is being projected by the Fairlee Press, Limited. It is understood that the title will be the *Home Magazine*, which indicates the scope of the magazine. It will be fully illustrated, and will differ from the *Strand* inasmuch as serial stories will be an important feature.

Booksellers. The two examinations for booksellers' assistants, instituted by the London Booksellers' Society, were held during the past month, the preliminary for assistants under twenty-one years of age on September 14th, the advanced for those over twenty-one years of age on September 21st. The number of candidates who presented themselves for examination were fewer than the Society anticipated, considering the importance of the undertaking. A greater amount of interest was shown by assistants in the country than those in town, and it is satisfactory to note that some came from Brighton, Cheltenham, Nottingham, Gloucester, Penrith, and many other places of distance. It is hoped that these examinations will stimulate assistants in taking more interest in all matters connected with literature and the bookselling trade; if so, these examinations will not have been held in vain.

A MYSTICAL PRAYER TO THE MASTERS OF THE ELEMENTS, MICHAEL, GABRIEL, AND RAPHAEL.

The Powers, not kind like you, came where God's garden blows,
And stole the crimson Rose,
And hurled it from its place before His footstool white,
Into the blinding night.—
O, when shall Sorrow wander no more in the land
With Beauty hand in hand?

You great Angelic Powers of wind, and wave, and fire,
With your harmonious quire,
Encircle her I love and sing her into peace,
That my old care may cease,
And she forget the wandering and all the crimson gloom
Of the Rose in its doom.

Great Rulers of the stillness, let her no longer be
As the light on the sea,
Or as the changing spears flung by the golden stars
Out of their whirling cars,
But let a gentle silence enwrought with music flow
Where her soft footsteps go.

W. B. Yeats.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

Emily Augusta Patmore.

IN spite of a recently published cheap edition of Coventry Patmore's most popular poem, 'The Angel in the House' must still be classed among old-fashioned heroines. In days when huge crinolines disfigured our English girls, when hansom cabs were thought very improper for ladies' use, when women's suffrage was only whispered about by a few philosophers, and when many bright eyes were dimmed by crying over Martin Tupper's pathetic platitudes, a young lady's library was not complete without 'The Angel in the House' and 'Faithful for Ever.' Very few of the present generation have read these books, but they have seen the volumes in their mother's boudoir, and they have heard enough of their old repute to feel some interest in the woman who inspired them.

Emily Augusta Andrews was the fifth daughter and the eighth child of the Reverend Edward Andrews, D.D., Independent minister. She was born on the 29th of February, 1824, at Beresford House, Walworth, when her father was at the height of his popularity as preacher in Beresford Chapel. Her childhood was passed in the pleasant house crowded with brothers and sisters, and gently ruled by her invalid mother, Elizabeth Honor Andrews, and by a kind old grandmother who thought the universe existed for "the Doctor" and his belongings. A large garden well-stocked with fruit and flowers was a paradise for the children. The big chapel with its grand organ and beautiful stained glass and altar pictures was full of mystery. After dark the door between the house and the great gallery was passed on tip-toe, and only grown-up people dared to open it. On Sunday the awe was overcome, and in holiday garb the children sat in the family pew, to hear their father's voice as he read the finest of the Church prayers, and preached in a style particularly calculated to impress young people. Mrs. Andrews was an accomplished musician, and always played the organ herself. Years afterwards when our heroine had children of her own, and her health was failing, the recollection of the old home was so fascinating that she longed to return to it, and was allowed to live for a time in a part of the house which Dr. Andrews had built for the use of his father-in-law, and which the then owners were willing to let in apartments. It was not the same as the old home. Parents were dead, and brothers and sisters scattered all over the world. Strangers occupied the old rooms and the dear old garden. New doctrines were preached in the chapel. The organ was silent. The pictures were covered with white cloths. Yet she preferred those lodgings to any others, and stayed there as long as it was possible to do so.

In 1830 Mrs. Andrews died, and the motherless little girl was subsequently sent to a boarding-school in Walworth where her younger sister Georgiana had been for some years. Here she was very happy, and attended Beresford Chapel with the rest of the school. After a short time she was removed to Plaistow, where she lived with Dr. and Mrs. Temple. Dr. Temple was a Nonconformist minister, and Mrs. Temple, a beautiful and very gentle woman, was a sister of Dr. Andrews. The neighbourhood and the formal style of living were not so healthy as what she had been accustomed to, and very soon she showed signs of a consumptive tendency. In 1841 Dr. Andrews died, and the care of his orphan children fell upon his eldest daughter, Mrs. Charles Orme, who placed Emily, now eighteen years of age, with congenial people in the north of London, where she was nominally governess, but really a friend of the family. An enthusiastic friendship sprang up between the young teacher and her pupils which lasted through life. Mrs. Orme did not allow her sister to waste her youth in monotonous occupations, although she was happy and well cared for. In 1845 she sent her to Germany with Mrs. Vigers, the sister of Laman Blanchard, the essayist and poet. On her return from this tour she and Georgiana were taken by Mrs. Orme to live with her as daughters of the house and to find in their eldest sister a second mother. Amongst the literary men whom Mrs. Orme delighted to gather around her was the young poet Coventry Patmore. He had published a volume of poems in 1844, some of which were afterwards republished with Tamerton Church Tower in 1853. He and his two brothers, George and Gurney, became constant visitors at the house.

At this time Emily Augusta Andrews was a very lovely girl with great animation, the sweetest of tempers, and a well-informed mind. Her figure was tall and graceful. Her dark hair was thick and wavy, and her large eyes, brilliant complexion and classical features were remarkable. Her nose was a little too high, and after Thomas Woolner had immortalised her in marble, Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, with characteristic bitterness, said she was always trying to look like her medallion. She did not try to look statuesque; she could not help it. She would have been more beautiful if the outline of her face had been less marked.

In 1846 another continental tour was arranged with Mrs. Vigers, but this time in France. From Dieppe they went by diligence to Rouen, Paris, Versailles and Fontainebleau,

staying several weeks in each place and seeing something of French society. More than one young man became the devoted admirer of English beauty, but Emily Andrews returned heart whole from her wanderings. In March, 1847, her relatives left the south of London for Hampstead, and shortly afterwards Emily became engaged to Coventry Patmore. They were married on the 11th of September, 1847, in the parish church of St. John's, Hampstead, and spent their honeymoon, some of the incidents of which are described in 'The Angel in the House,' at Hastings. Mr. Patmore held an appointment at the British Museum, and he and his wife lived in various parts of London at convenient distances from his work. Her first three children were healthy, and she seemed to enjoy her increasing domestic cares. She was full of energy and originality and could make her home beautiful by the work of her hands. "Everything in this house," she said on one occasion, "has been done by these two little hands." Her children's dresses, the decorations in her rooms, the arrangement of her garden, her own picturesque costumes, all were the result of careful thought and never-flagging effort. Besides these home-duties and the additional task of teaching her children, she often undertook other matters of greater responsibility. She was the authoress of a little book on the management of servants and of a volume of verses similar in style to those by Jane Taylor. Here is a specimen of her nursery songs, written down just as she sang them to her own little ones:

The Butterfly.

Tell me, little Butterfly, what you see there in the sky?
Would it always be as blue if I went as high as you?
Tell me, do you ever go where the wind begins to blow,
Where the rain is kept, and where snow is made, and angels are?
Is it very strange to be up away so far from me?

The Cow.

Pretty Moo-cow, will you tell
Why you like the fields so well?
You never pluck the daisies white,
Nor look up to the sky so bright;
So tell me, Moo-cow, tell me true,
Are you happy when you moo?

She also wrote 'Nursery Tales,' and helped in editing the 'Children's Garland,' a collection of poems suitable for children, published by Macmillan.

During all these years she was accustomed to visit and to receive some of the most interesting men and women of the day. Thackeray, Tennyson, Barry Cornwall, Monckton Milnes, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Mulock, William Allingham, and many more were intimately known to her, and were attracted by her sympathetic nature. Others, such as Cardinal Manning and Aubrey de Vere, she knew as her husband's friends, but she could not approve their influence. In her sturdy Protestantism she was like Lucy Snowe in *Villette*, and made no secret of her opinions. Amongst her own particular friends none were more valued than the two beautiful daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Jackson—Mary and Julia. Mary afterwards married the Rev. Herbert Fisher, and Julia is the present Mrs. Leslie Stephen. They dressed in the straight folds, and with the simple knot of hair approved by the preraphaelite school of artists, of which Mrs. Patmore was a faithful disciple. For John Ruskin and his parents had sat in Beresford Chapel, and she had known Woolner, F. G. Stephens, Holman Hunt, John Brett and John Millais from her girlhood. Amongst her simple pleasures the growing popularity of these old friends was one of the most valued.

Such a busy life gradually told on the fragile constitution, and the old weakness which had first shown itself at Plaistow was again apparent. Three younger children were born, and she became more and more a confirmed invalid. The brilliant literary society which had at one time been her delight now wearied her, and she wanted to see only old friends and relations. Her younger sister Georgiana, who had married George Patmore, the brother of Coventry, and had gone abroad, in two years returned to England a widow, and was often staying with Emily trying to lighten the burden of her life, and accompanying her to various places in a hopeless search for health. At last the weary traveller settled with her husband and family in a lovely cottage at North End,

Hampstead, near an old-fashioned inn called the "Bull and Bush." It belonged to the late Mrs. Craik, then Dinah Mulock, and had a pretty garden with a very large pear-tree. At first Mrs. Patmore was strong enough to walk along the London-road to meet the friends who came to see her. Then she contented herself with the garden, and enjoyed sitting under the tree. When the end was very near she could not leave her room, but only heard the birds through her open window. Her second boy, then being educated at Christ's Hospital, used to visit her and sing the hymns she most loved—those that had been favourites at Beresford Chapel. She died on the 5th of July, 1862, and was buried in Hendon Churchyard at the spot selected by herself and her husband a few weeks before her last attack of illness. Her six children survived her, her eldest daughter Emily Honoria and her youngest son Henry having since died.

Those who have heard of her husband and children having entered the Roman Catholic Church since her death may hastily suppose that her influence was not lasting, and that the effect of her personal beauty and interesting surroundings made people exaggerate her power. But those who knew her best will not believe this. The beauty of her life and the charm which her refined and intellectual nature gave to the simplest domestic details converted many to a belief in that higher standard of home, which is now often taken for granted. She was the clever, poetical, artistic wife, who dressed gracefully and rejoiced in her good looks because they made others happy. At the same time she was the practical wife, who strove to keep a bright hearth without overstepping her income, and who understood something of cooking and needlework. Her artistic perception kept her from believing that nothing could be beautiful unless it was costly, and her good sense preserved her from the folly of expecting to satisfy a healthy appetite from an empty blue china dish. Her influence for good went far beyond her own little family circle. She was always teaching by example, and there are many now reaping the advantage of those silent lessons.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

MR. DRUMMOND claims attention in these pages not as a religious teacher, but as a popular writer—perhaps the most popular of all living writers. The circulation of religious books is at all times much larger than is generally imagined. But the old favourites of twenty or even ten years are nearly forgotten. Just enough is remembered to steel the book-buyer's heart against the most tempting offers of the bookstall. Last year the whole works of one who in his day stood among the foremost were bought up—the whole stock—at an average price of twopence each. At present there are not many of the younger men among teachers of Christianity who have caught the public ear. Of these the vogue of Professor Drummond is by far the greatest.

Of his 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' about 110,000 copies have been sold in this country. In America there have been many editions, and the volume has been translated into most continental languages. His little shilling booklets have had perhaps unexampled sales. Of the first, 'The Greatest Thing in the World,' more than 300,000 copies have been sold in this country. The German translation is said to have been circulated more largely in Germany than any German publication of its year. The wonderful thing is that the demand for his work does not slacken. The volumes are all constantly reprinted.

More significant still is the fact that Professor Drummond draws a great proportion of his audience from classes uninfluenced by other preachers. In London some years ago, in obedience to a requisition signed by Mr. Arthur Balfour and other politicians almost equally prominent, he delivered a series of addresses at Grosvenor House to a congregation unique of its kind. Moltke in one of his last letters refers to him with gratitude and appreciation. Among living authors whom he has attracted might be mentioned men and women of the most diverse creeds and practices.

Mr. Drummond was born at Stirling in 1850. He studied at the University and the Free Church College, where he was a marked figure, though not a prizeman. There he sat at the feet of two teachers whose lessons he has strangely combined—Sir Archibald Geikie, then the Professor of Geology at Edinburgh, and Mr. D. L. Moody, the American evangelist. He was working under Geikie for the degree of Doctor of Science, when Moody appeared in Scotland and turned his thoughts in a different direction. He accompanied the evangelist in his tours, and delivered addresses to young men. It is characteristic of Professor Drummond that though his point of view has much altered, he has remained a fast friend of both Geikie and Moody, visiting the Rocky Mountains and South Africa with the one, and more than once visiting America to attend the religious assemblies of the other. After some miscellaneous preaching he became Professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College, Glasgow. He still occupies that position.

'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' first appeared as a series of papers in a journal called the *Clerical World*. The articles did not attract much attention, and the paper in which they were published presently died, leaving in the writer's mind "a lingering remorse at what share I might have had in its untimely end." Two leading London publishers were offered the book, and declined it. The author had resolved never again to be served with the Black Seal of literature, and put the doomed sheets back in their pigeon-holes. Mr. M. H. Hodder, however, had read the papers in their serial form, and proposed their publication to the author, who rewrote his pages in much haste, corrected his proofs, and started for a tour in Africa. He heard nothing of his fate for five months' travel, during which he never saw a letter or newspaper, and, engrossed with a geological and botanical survey, he forgot his venture completely. One night, an hour after midnight, three black messengers from the north end of Lake Nyassa disturbed his camp, and delivered the hollow skin of a tiger-cat with a small package of letters and papers. Among them he found a copy of the *Spectator* containing a review of his book, which remains to him "among the mysteries of literary unselfishness and charity." Of 'Tropical Africa' and the succeeding booklets it is unnecessary to speak.

'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' had many severe critics, but the author has never replied to them. It was understood that his answer was partly given in a defence

published anonymously in the *Expositor* for 1885, and written by Dr. James Stalker. Possibly Professor Drummond would not now defend all its positions. But in one thing he has been entirely consistent. His object as a religious teacher has been throughout to make Christianity credible to the scientific mind. The form of Christianity presented in his later books is much less uncompromising than that of 'Natural Law,' but the author has expressly warned his readers against supposing it a complete scheme of his theology. Mr. Drummond's future literary career would be hard to forecast. He is not afflicted by the *cacoethes scribendi*. It is understood that he contemplated and nearly completed an ambitious work on the lines of 'Natural Law,' which was to be called 'The Ascent of Man.' But we believe the project has been abandoned, at least for the present.

Professor Drummond's energies—such as he can spare from his regular work—are mainly given to delivering religious addresses to the students at Edinburgh University, and preventing these addresses from being reported. He is very successful in the first object; his influence over the students is magnetic, and he is one of the clearest and most persuasive of speakers. In the latter he has not yet quite had his way; but there are signs that the most obdurate and zealous servants of the public are beginning to relent. Professor Drummond thinks that without the context his statements may mislead; and there is part of the context that cannot be put in type—the speaker himself.

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A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—I have been for some time endeavouring to find a copy of Richard Jefferies' 'The Scarlet Shawl.' Two second-hand booksellers of my acquaintance were commissioned to look up a copy. One of them, a fortnight ago, reported a copy at thirty-two shillings. I hesitated, and after a day or two took my way down a familiar street of booksellers. Looking listlessly in a case of sixpenny books, I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw 'The Scarlet Shawl.' I took the book, went into the shop, and handed the bookseller sixpence with averted face. What should I have done? C. C.

[Perhaps some bookseller will say.—Ed. *Bookman*.]

MR. GLADSTONE ON HOMER.

Mr. Gladstone's address to the section of the Oriental Congress that met to study the historical relations between "Archaic Greece and the East" was an interesting event. The section was, it might almost be said, created for the address, in which a veteran and enthusiast in Homeric studies was expected to define the relation of recent discovery in Egypt and the East to the poems which, according to his opinion, contain a trustworthy record of early Greek History.

There are many signs that a new epoch in the study of early Greek legend, half-mythical, half-historical, is beginning; and that many views, some stereotyped by long repetition, some quite brand new, will soon take by universal agreement a place in the history of human error. Mr. Gladstone's address, therefore, marks an era in scholarship even to those who refuse to accept the views which he stated. The most conservative of modern scholars now talk with more confidence about the Greece of B.C. 1200 than Grote did about the Greece of B.C. 600; for the former admit at least the possibility of attaining a degree of knowledge about its condition at the earlier date, which Grote despaired of attaining for the later date.

I shall not attempt the serious task of criticising the theory which Mr. Gladstone stated to the Congress. To do so fairly would far exceed the limits of this paper, and to state mere objections without reasons is as unprofitable as it is ungracious. In place of discussing points on which one might (perhaps not unjustifiably) differ from Mr. Gladstone, it will be alike more scholarly and more pleasant to emphasise the service he has rendered to Homeric scholarship, and the points in which he will probably be held, when the history of modern learning is written, to have seized the true point of view. He has spent a lifetime in the service of Homer; and it is certain, both that the line along which Homeric criticism is advancing, now approaches more closely to his point of view than it did formerly, and that the change has not been on his side. The critics have come round towards him: he has not budged an inch towards them. No one has better expressed the importance of the Homeric poems in the history of the world than Mr. Gladstone did in his address to the Congress. He described the process by which "the wealth of the East was gradually and irregularly imparted to relieve the poverty and develop the social life of the West. The traces of the process are for the most part fragmentary and casual. In one case, and in one only, there is cast upon it the light of a literary record. Of all that was said or sung on the shores of the Mediterranean in those shadowy times, nothing great or weighty has survived with the solitary but inestimable and splendid exception of the two works known as the Poems of Homer."

Any time during the last fifty years Mr. Gladstone would have spoken in much the same way; to him this has always been the proper way of approaching Homer. Formerly hardly any critic would have introduced an essay on Homer in this tone; now many of the boldest scholars would thoroughly approve of it. However widely we may differ from him as to details in the execution, however much some of us may consider that nineteenth century prepossessions have coloured his views on Homer, he has proved to be right in the spirit with which he approached the problem half a century ago, and I am not aware that the same can be said of any scholar contemporary with him.

Recent discovery is bringing home to us the possibility that after all Agamemnon may once have lived; even those who do not believe him to have actually reigned in Argos or sailed to Troy, cannot now treat the idea that there was once a real lord of men, Agamemnon, with the contemptuous indifference of criticism twenty years ago, or pass it by as the idle dreaming of an ill-regulated enthusiasm. The sword that was used by an Argive prince ten or fourteen centuries before Christ, the halls in which he lived and dispensed justice, the ornaments and works of art which were made by his workmen or imported by his subjects or

his visitors—all these undeniable facts forcibly prevent us from absolutely denying that the prince may have sacked Troy. We may prefer to explain the origin of the "tale of Troy divine" in some other way, and not as the history of actual events; but we must now treat the view that it is a fundamentally true tale as conceivably right; and there is a widely spread and growing feeling that in the immediate future the attitude towards the Homeric Poems which is least erroneous and most likely to lead to further discovery is that they preserve a picture of a period of history which did once exist. Partly as containing work of extreme antiquity, partly as written by a later school of bards who kept alive a genuine tradition, these poems permit a glimpse into the process by which the fine product called Hellenism—with its freedom of view in politics and society, its delicate perception of symmetry in art and in literature, its bold confidence in the individual man as the judge of his own life and the true centre of his own universe—was evolved amid the strife of nations in the Levant and the Aegean from the amalgamation of various Aryan and non-Aryan tribes in the Greek lands. Hellenism was a product so many-sided that it could not arise amid a homogeneous race, so delicate that the proper balance of the various racial characteristics which produced it could not last very long, so important in the development of modern society that it cannot lose its value for us, so unique in type that it can never cease to interest educated men. The true way of understanding its origin is to study the poems of Homer as history, and to compare them with the material surroundings of the earliest Greek society as revealed to us by the spade of the excavator and by travel. Mr. Gladstone recognised this fifty years ago; all who have eyes to see recognise it to-day. Where the investigation will lead us, what further methods of study will be developed with increasing knowledge, it is impossible to judge and vain to guess.

The new era which I have tried to describe was made possible by Schliemann. With him Homer was a religion; his appreciation of Homer was more an emotional than an intellectual taste. He dug by faith and not by sight, otherwise he could never have unearthed an unknown stratum of history. It would be absurd to require in his writings the qualities of the critic or the historian, who must walk by sight and not by faith; they could not have done what he did, nor could he do what they can now do. In speaking of him it is not easy to preserve the mean, and to recognise at once his services and his shortcomings, his strength and his limitations: some have erred on one side, some on the other, in writing about him; but the safest side to lean to is that of admiration.

If Dr. Schliemann made the new era possible, Dr. Flinders Petrie made it actual: with a discoverer's instinct like Schliemann's, he has united the accuracy and the judgment which were lacking in his predecessor. It is a pleasure to recall that the honorific prefix with which both names can be introduced is due to the recognition of their work by the University of Oxford.

These two discoverers have proved that Mr. Gladstone started from the true point of view. He was guided to it by two influences, which are apparent in all he has written about Homer. In the first place, he has always felt that works which were able to influence so profoundly the religion and thought of the Greeks must have a foundation in reality: only because they represented a real Greece could they succeed in creating a Hellenic unity. The remark needs only to be stated to carry conviction, provided that we do not define too narrowly what is meant by reality; but Mr. Gladstone stood alone in making it the fundamental principle of his work. In the second place, he has learned in the career of politics to judge of men and the way in which they show their character in practical life; and he has found in the Iliad and the Odyssey the characteristics of real human beings engaged in real life, not creatures of poetic fancy.

Guided by these influences, Mr. Gladstone has always taken a historical view of the Homeric poems. To him the Homeric heroes have always been men, full of many-sided human actuality, and not one-sided abstractions; and the Homeric gods have always been gods, the envisagement of the religious ideas of an advanced and advancing people, neither personifications of wind or sea or sky, nor conceptions slightly developed beyond the totem or the fetish of primitive savages. These views about the relation of Greek religion to the ideas of primitive races have their value and their portion of truth; but they are extremely apt to distract attention from the Hellenism of Greek religion. What is Hellenic in the gods of Homer is precisely that which has been added to the gods of the races whose amalgamation produced the Hellenic people; and those races had already developed far beyond the stage of the totem and the fetish.

I do not wish to disparage the work of the many Homeric critics: that has its distinct value, sometimes real and positive, sometimes the negative result of conclusively disproving the theories that they were trying to prove—which is no small service. But the new era demands new methods. It will be an epoch of the discovery of new elements rather than of the re-combination of old elements. In discovery, and in the striking out of new methods, has always lain the strength of English scholarship; and there never was a time when minds not enslaved to established views, yet disciplined by rigid philological training and the grammar of Homer, had such a promising field open to them. The difficulty is not to find the minds, but to find the time, *i.e.*, the money; and in the growing alienation of the national taste among the wealthy and educated classes from ancient scholarship—an alienation caused mainly by a natural and healthy revolt from the narrowness and the misdirection of classical study and teaching as at present practised—it is difficult to see any likelihood that England will play much part in the new era.

Not the least interesting feature of the proceedings was the cordial approval and general adhesion indicated by Professor Sayce. Agreement between Mr. Gladstone and Professor Sayce on Homer is a sign almost as portentous and prophetic of a new era, and almost as fitted to pass into a proverb, as the lion and the lamb reclining in amity side by side (we make the comparison without specifying too precisely which part best suits each hero). Mr. Gladstone is the staunchest and most uncompromising of Unionists; Professor Sayce might by a pardonable metaphor be called the extremest of Home Rulers, who would not merely grant poetical independence to the two countries, the

Iliad and the Odyssey, but would even divide each of them into several separate principalities connected by barely the semblance of common sovereignty. The "wide expanse.... that deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne" is a real, if an enchanted, land to Mr. Gladstone. Professor Sayce sees there only a series of scattered islets severed by the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," and connected only by a few periodic and formal exchanges of courtesy, shown in the recurrence of stereotyped poetic formulæ, which had become so habitual that their significance had, at least in some cases, been wholly or almost forgotten. To be strictly accurate, one ought perhaps to say that this is what Professor Sayce used to see. Far be it from me to seek to trammel by the fetters of his former theories that most versatile and Protean of scholars, who has never sacrificed truth to consistency, and who has cast overboard his own old theories with the same remorseless honesty as he has trodden on the fashionable vices and views of other great scholars.

W. M. Ramsay.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Chapter I.

Lewes's early accomplishments and first literary efforts—Characteristics of him as a writer and thinker—Margaret Fuller's and George Eliot's first impressions of him as a man—His novel, 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet'—His visit to Carlyle after its publication—Carlyle on 'Wilhelm Meister'—Mrs. Carlyle and Lady Ashburton on 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet'—Later regard of the Carlyles for Lewes.

WHEN I first knew George Henry Lewes he was becoming a noticeable figure among London men of letters. Some years previously he had entered on what was to prove a long literary career. He began with an ample and varied stock-in-trade, so to speak, possessed by few professional authors of that generation. To a familiarity with the great writers of his own country he added a knowledge, more or less profound, of the languages and literature of ancient Greece and Rome—he told me once that he read Greek for three hours every day—of France and Germany, of Italy and Spain. An early love of physiology and kindred sciences allured him to medical studies, and recollections of his aspirations to become a biological discoverer possibly enrich the sketch of Lydgate's youth given in George Eliot's 'Middlemarch.' Not long after he emerged from boyhood he conjoined a strong taste for the drama with an eager desire to sound the depths of metaphysical speculation. He wrote plays, he took part in private theatricals (his grandfather, Lee Lewes, had been a comedian of considerable note), and at nineteen he was one of a club of young tradesmen and others who met in the now dingy precincts of Red Lion Square, one of the subjects of their discussions being Spinoza and Spinozism. What Lewes knew, and already he knew much, he could communicate in a lucid, flowing, and agreeable style. His industry was unflagging, and no discouragement daunted him. To say nothing of journalism, his work, before he was thirty, was to be found almost everywhere in the higher periodical literature of the day, in the *Edinburgh*, the *London and Westminster*, the *British and Foreign*, and the *Foreign Quarterly* Reviews. Later, and at a time when of serious and solid periodicals appearing at intervals of three months there were several more than now, he told me, with not unnatural glee, that he had an article in every one of them, "except the —— old *Quarterly*. The subjects which he dealt with covered an extensive area. His earlier articles in the *Edinburgh Review* alone ranged from criticism on the *mise en scène* of the London theatres to disquisitions on Arabian philosophy.

Of course, writing thus much and on such a great variety of themes, Lewes was not always effective. All along, indeed, he contributed more to "the literature of knowledge" than to "the literature of power." But whatever he wrote displayed a certain originality of view. Whether he was dealing with literature, philosophy, or science, he was never an echo of his predecessors and contemporaries. Lewes was no worshipper of great names, and had in a singular degree the courage of his opinions. In his 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' the earliest of his books which attracted notice, it was interesting to see the boldness of its young author's trenchant criticisms of the systems of the most renowned sages, and the confidence with which he announced that the positive results of philosophy (in its restricted sense of metaphysical and ontological speculation) from Thales to Hegel amounted to absolutely nothing. Lewes had a great contempt for cant of all kinds, especially the cant of literary adulation. Naturally in his conversation, even more than in his writings, he said right out what he thought and felt. The expression of his contempt for cant, had he been cynical, would have been bitter, but in his case it took the form of levity, and thus exposed him, with serious people, to the charge of flippancy. After meeting him for the first time, Margaret Fuller described him as "a witty French flippant sort of man." It was not until she had known him for more than a year that George Eliot herself wrote of Lewes, "he has quite won my regard after having had a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is much better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience wearing a mask of flippancy."

Among the many and varied results of Lewes's early literary ambition was the production of a work of fiction. At twenty-five he wrote a novel, 'Ranthorpe,' for which at thirty he found a publisher. It was a crude performance, but, so far as I know, was one of the first, if not the very first, of those novels, since so plentiful, which are mainly pictures of modern literary life in London, its struggles, failures, and triumphs. Though undeniably clever, 'Ranthorpe' was not a success. The indefatigable Lewes set to work again, and amid other and more pressing avocations, produced a three-volume novel, 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet,' a history of the varied fortunes of three sisters. He had taken considerable pains with it; but for a book of Lewes's it appeared to me absolutely tedious, and was received with indifference by the public. It was one of the very slight results of the publication of this novel that through it indirectly I made the acquaintance of its author.

Mrs. Carlyle being on a visit to the Barings at Addiscombe, I was sitting alone with Carlyle one evening in the second week of April, 1848. I had given him an account of the scene presented by Kennington Common on the once famous 10th of April, a day or two before. Partly from

"professional" zeal, partly from a spirit of adventure, I had taken my seat, with other brethren of the press, in the roomy car which bore Feargus O'Connor and the Chartist delegates to the Common, where were assembled many thousands of his dupes, whom he disappointed by directing them, while he himself shook with terror, to disperse quietly. Carlyle was beginning to compute how many persons in the vast assembly could have heard the orator's voice, when Lewes entered the room. After George Eliot saw Lewes for the first time, she described him as "a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance." As in Mirabeau's case, the ugliness and the remains of the ravages of the small-pox were undoubtedly there, but Lewes had a fine eye and an expressive countenance, which when lighted up by a smile was far from disagreeable. However, it was Lewes's plainness of visage that led the Carlyles, as will be seen further on, to speak of him, though only for a time, as "The Ape." Lewes was a man of no concealments, and the object of his visit was soon apparent. He had sent Carlyle a copy of 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet,' just published, and he came not to talk about the then absorbing topic of Chartism and Kennington Common, but to find out what Carlyle thought of his novel. Carlyle had read it, but the adventures of Mesdemoiselles Rose, Blanche, and Violet were not, as chronicled by Lewes, of a kind to interest him, yet here was the author bent on discovering his opinion of it. It was amusing, at least to me, to see how Carlyle fenced with the anxious inquirer. The author could extract little more from the reluctant critic than that 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet' showed "more breadth" than its predecessor, 'Ranthorpe.' However, by way of soothing his visitor, Carlyle added that Mrs. Carlyle had taken the book with her to the country, to be read not only by herself, but by "a very high lady," the Lady Harriet Baring who became soon afterwards Lady Ashburton. Carlyle commenting in a deprecatory way on the amount of love-making in modern novels, Lewes retorted by referring to the amatory episodes in 'Wilhelm Meister.' Carlyle rejoined that there was no more of that sort of thing in 'Meister' than "the flirtation which goes on in ordinary life," a very different verdict from Wordsworth's and De Quincey's. "I would rather have written that book," Carlyle said, "than a cartload of others," and he went on to speak of Goethe's "Olympian silence" and other transcendent qualities. With admirable persistence Lewes took advantage of a pause to ask if some gaming-house scenes in 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet' were not to be commended. Instead of answering the question, Carlyle launched into a description of a gaming-house in Paris, to pay a visit of curiosity to which he had been taken, by the late Sir J. Emerson-Tennent, I think, and said that he remembered the faces of the players at the gaming-table so vividly that if he were a painter he could reproduce them even after that long lapse of years. Abandoning his fruitless quest, Lewes spoke of a life of Robespierre, which, as well as his life of Goethe, he had then on the anvil. Seeing that I was surprised at the conjunction of two such tasks, Carlyle said genially: "Lewes is not afraid of any amount of work." My fellow-visitor and I walked together part of the way towards our respective homes. The junior asked the senior whom did he consider to be at the head of our literature, and received for reply, "Macaulay, undoubtedly." Lewes talked to me, as an aspirant, of the difficulties of a literary career, laying stress on the loss of several hundreds a year which he had sustained by the discontinuance of the *British and Foreign Review*, which, as formerly recorded by me in THE BOOKMAN, was munificently supported for several years by the late Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, the wealthy M.P. Meanwhile Carlyle had sat down and, at 11 o'clock p.m., indited to his wife an epistle beginning, "Oh, my dear, be sorry for me! I am nearly out of my wits. From three o'clock till now I have been in a tempest of twaddle." After some uncomplimentary remarks on previous visitors, of whose names Mr. Froude prints only the initials—and he has given notice that the initials which he prints do not always correspond with the names—Carlyle proceeds: "In the evening came in ——" —the writer of these lines—"and shortly after the Ape"—Lewes, to wit. "May the devil confound it! I feel as if I had got enough for one day. No wonder I am surly at people"—though there had been no trace of surliness in his manner that evening. "The wonder is rather I do not shoot them," and so forth, in the usual too familiar strain. In her reply, which, fortunately for Lewes's feelings, was not printed until after his death, Mrs. Carlyle tells what both she and the "very high lady" thought of 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet': "Execrable that is. I could not have suspected even the Ape of writing anything so silly. Lady H. read it all the way down, and decided it was 'too vulgar to go on with.' I myself should have also laid it aside in the first half volume if I had not felt a pitying interest in the man"—struggling industriously to support with his pen a wife and expanding family—"that makes me read on in the hope of coming to something a little better. Your marginal notes are the only real amusement I have got out of it hitherto." Evidently Lewes was not then a favourite of the Carlyles, though there is in this extract from Mrs. Carlyle's letter a touch of womanly sympathy with him. The truth, I take it, was that Lewes, who was no respecter of persons, sometimes made Carlyle wince—and Carlyle was more than twenty years his senior—by laughing at his prophetics when they were dining out together in cheerful society. To this were added some literary sins. For instance, Lewes at one time did not write nearly so appreciatively and respectfully of Goethe as after becoming his biographer. Before I met Lewes, Carlyle accordingly spoke of him to me as an assailant of "established reputations." Carlyle had not then read the 'Biography of Philosophy.' "I didn't think," he said, "that I could learn anything about philosophy from that body Lewes"—a Scottish expression of contempt. All this altered in the course of time, especially with the appearance of Lewes's Life of Goethe, the undeniable merits of which Carlyle appreciated none the less because it was dedicated to himself in language of cordial admiration. After the catastrophe which separated him from his wife, "the Ape" of former years became with Mrs. Carlyle "poor dear Lewes," and after the establishment of the *Leader* Carlyle pronounced "that body Lewes" to be "the Prince of Journalists."

I met Lewes occasionally during the first year of my acquaintance with him, but I saw much more of him

in the succeeding year, during which he visited Manchester, where I was then residing. But of Lewes's visits to Manchester and of the establishment of the *Leader*, which followed on them, something will fall to be said in another chapter. Φ

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

THE letters from which we make the following selections were written to Miss Martha Jackson (now Mrs. Henry Barclay, of Cheshunt, Herts) by Mary Anne Evans between the years 1838 and 1850. They very faithfully reflect George Eliot's opinions and intellectual growth during her earlier years, and they have never yet been published. Miss Martha Jackson and her sister were schoolfellows of Mary Anne Evans at the Misses Franklins' school at Coventry, and for years were on the closest and most affectionate terms with her. Both her intellectual and moral qualities were very highly esteemed by them during their schooldays and in their after intercourse, and their friendship she warmly returned. It was only when the change in Miss Evans' opinions became marked that the intellectual sympathy between the friends lessened, and that, at the suggestion of Miss Jackson's mother, the correspondence ceased.

At the date of the first letter, Mary Anne Evans had left school some time. Her mother had died in 1836, her sister married next year, and in 1838 she was living with her father and brother at Griff, with the cares of the household on her shoulders.

Letter I.

Griff, Tuesday evening, Sept. 9th, 1838.

My dear Friend,—I pursue the same plan with my letter as I used when a little child with my pudding, that of dispatching the part for which I had the least relish first, and therefore I will dispose of such dry crust-like subjects as my reasons for not responding sooner to your welcome and undeservedly kind proof of your remembrance of me, and of my inability now to do so in a way that would satisfy my gratitude, as speedily as possible, that we may discuss without interruption the little sweetmeat my ill-furnished store-room may afford. I am at all times, as you conjecture, an important personage at home, but especially now, from a cause you are probably not able to guess, as I fancy the custom of changing servants at Michaelmas is confined to Warwickshire. This one circumstance, added to your charity, which makes you look through green spectacles at the glaring defects of others, will serve to account for and excuse both my silence and my worthless mode of breaking it. Many thanks for your warm and, I am certain, sincere invitations to G——. I hope it may not always be impossible to me to avail myself of them; at present my apparently harsh but doubtless well-meaning mistress Duty says, Stay at home. But you are under no such restriction, and therefore I may hope that you will have a little interval before spring summons you and the birds to migrate where you may have a permanent nest, in which you will be so denuded of allurements and obligations as to expend your ability of giving pleasure on me. I spent nearly three days with my Coventry friends last week, and I had the Miss Franklins successively at Griff to fill up a very short parenthesis in their half-year's engagements. . . . . On the last day I went with Miss Rebecca to an Oratorio at St. Michael's Church, where we heard Braham, Phillips, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Knyvett, and where, I think, I said farewell to all such expenditures of time and money. I think nothing can justify the using of an intensely interesting and solemn passage of Scripture, as a rope-dancer uses her rope, or as a sculptor the pedestal on which he places the statue, that is alone intended to elicit admiration.* I think, too, that it is the duty of Christians individually to throw their weight, however dust-like, into that scale which as Christians they must profess to wish to preponderate; not to take the low ground of considering things merely with relation to existing circumstances, and graduating their scale of holiness to the temperature of the world; but to aim as perseveringly at perfection as if they believed it to be soon attainable. And if so, I ask myself can it be desirable, and would it be consistent with millenial holiness for a human being to devote the time and energies that are barely sufficient for real exigencies on acquiring expertness in trills, cadences, etc.? The only argument that seems to me to have any speciousness in favour of such exhibitions of skill is, that without them we should never have an opportunity of appreciating the beautful powers of the human voice when carried to their highest point of improveability. But by once admitting such reasoning we disarm ourselves of every weapon against opera dancing, horse racing, nay, even against intemperance, which I have heard justified on the plea that since Providence has sent luxuries we are contemning them by abstinence. But I am running on very selfishly with my own thoughts, without regarding the trouble I am giving you in expecting you to read what I dare say neither your theory nor your practice needs. I do know full well the variableness of mind and affection of which you speak; it is suited to humble and distress us, but may also quicken us to an increased ardour of exertion during our wakeful hours when eternity is realised by us in its awful nearness and importance; if such be the effect we shall have the joy of finding that as persons of riper years gradually lose that soundness and excess of sleep observable in growing children, so our intervals of spiritual drowsiness will decrease in duration and frequency.

. . . . . .

Letter II.

Griff, January 14th, 10 o'clock p.m.

The letter begins, "My Dear Classical Friend."

. . . . . .

As I write after my faculties have done their day's work, I must make this sheet my diary, or I shall sit gazing on vacuity for lack of thoughts that "will not come when I do call for them." My mind to-day has been an excellent match to the atmosphere, very hazy and cheerless, and my pace in my studies about equal to that of my feet through the mud. Now for an inventory of the additional goods and chattels that have gained admission through the window of my house to-day, for you must know that the two portals in most frequent use in other dwellings have in mine well-nigh lost the power of completely opening for want of em-

* With this passage it is interesting to compare a similar one in a letter to her friend, Miss Lewis, quoted in 'Mr. Cross's Life' (vol. 1, p. 44), under the date, Nov. 6th, 1838.

ployment. Item, a fragment of Milton's Ode on the Nativity, learned while dressing (you, of course, know that beautiful Ode; if not, get an introduction to it). Newspaper lore at breakfast. Item, a work on Baptism, on which, as I think my classical friend is no controversialist, I will not dilate farther than to observe that I studied it after the peripatetic system. Item, a book by Mrs. Jameson, entitled 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada,' a lively book, by a clever authoress, but I fear of no fixed religious principles, if I may judge from an apparent affectation of a liberalising, philosophising manner of speaking about religion and morals. *Voila tout!* To save my character, if I have one worth preserving, I must assure you that all my days pass not so "fuligiously" as Dr. Young has taught me to say; as well as that my morning was nearly engrossed by filial and domestic duties, and a large portion of my afternoon by a visit received and one paid. I am rather aghast to find myself nearly in the third page of my letter without having written a word worth reading.

I read about a week ago Moore's 'Prosaic Epicurean,' and was so epicurean myself as to make a single meal of the philosopher, preserved as he is in spirits after Moore's patent. I was enchanted as completely as if I had been in the clutches of the Egyptian Priests. Enough of nonsense. I am right glad to read of your enjoyments, past, present, and prospective, and of your determination to study, though, by-the-bye, it is hardly fair of you to trench on my field; I shall have you publishing metaphysics before my work is ready, a result of the superior development of a certain region of your brain over that of my poor snailship.

(*To be continued.*)

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. A. P. WATT.

THERE are few writers of Fiction in this country who are not familiar with the name of A. P. Watt, and perhaps the number is equally small of those who are unfamiliar with the office on the first floor of 2, Paternoster Square. For it is there that the contracts are made under which, directly or indirectly, most important periodicals in this country, America, Australia, and elsewhere are supplied with the greater part of the novels and stories so necessary to their existence.

Mr. Watt favoured me, as a representative of The Bookman, with an interview in his office the other day. As he is a very busy man I lost no time.

"Was this business your own idea?"

"Yes, I think so. When I started to sell copyrights, some fourteen years ago, the literary agent was an unknown factor in the world of letters. My friend, Dr. George Mac Donald, asked me to sell his stories, which I did—and I think I may say with great success. Dr. MacDonald found that my acting on his behalf in this way relieved him of an immense deal of trouble and worry, and he then, and has ever since, placed the management of his literary affairs entirely under my care. At the time I was doing this for him it occurred to me that other authors might be glad to be relieved of what Mr. Besant has called 'the intolerable trouble of haggling and bargaining,' and one author recommending my services to another—for I never advertise, you know—I gradually came to take up the position I now hold."

"That that position is of some importance, these portraits," I said, pointing to the photographs of his clients which cover the walls of the room, "prove conclusively."

"Yes," said Mr. Watt, "those ladies and gentlemen are all clients, some of them of many years' standing, some of them recent, for you know I am constantly getting new ones; but the new ones are not always new to fame. You would be surprised if I gave you the names of one or two who have lately come to me, authors who have managed their own business for years, and, well, I think they would not deny that they have benefited by entrusting their literary affairs to me. There," pointing to an etching in the middle of the wall, "is my very good friend, Walter Besant. I don't know who sent him to me. I fancy he must have heard my name somewhere and just come. That is a good many years ago, however, but I still continue to sell all his stories and reciprocate the wish which he expressed when he wrote to me lately: 'I trust this management will remain undisturbed for the rest of my writing life.' That's a long time to look ahead, isn't it? Mr. Haggard," pointing to a photograph above Mr. Besant's, "came just after he had written 'King Solomon's Mines.' Bret Harte," pointing to another portrait, "is one of my oldest clients, and there's one of the comparatively recent ones, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, who has just come so very far to the front with that very brilliant novel, 'Aunt Anne.'"

And so we went on. A cabinet portrait of Dr. A. Conan Doyle; Mr. Rudyard Kipling's—a fine reproduction of the portrait by the Hon. John Collier which was recently exhibited in the "New Gallery"—bearing the inscription, "To A. P. Watt, with sincerest gratitude from Rudyard Kipling;" Dr. George MacDonald's, with the words "to please my friend, A. P. Watt," written under it; Dr. O. W. Holmes, and in the same frame a letter from Mr. T. B. Aldrich; Grant Allen, Christie Murray, a particularly good photograph of Clark Russell, another of Archdeacon Farrar, and another of the late Wilkie Collins, and beside it the following note—a codicil which was found after his death attached to his will:—

"I desire that my friend and literary representative, Mr. A. P. Watt, of 2, Paternoster Square, may act as my Literary Executor, and that his advice may be accepted as representing my literary interests and wishes in regard to the copyrights of my books which may remain to be sold after my death by my other executors. Wilkie Collins."

"Wilkie and I were the best of friends since the time I first met him, about 1880, until the day of his death. As his health began to fail he felt less and less able to do all the work for which he had commissions, and I had some rather delicate negotiations with some of his publishers to keep things going smoothly. He was always so profuse in his thanks, however, that it was a real pleasure to do him a service of any kind. I remember a very amusing letter I had from him about the time of the Sackville incident in the U.S.A.

"'82, Wimpole Street, W.
13*th Nov.*, 1888.

"'My dear Watt,—My best thanks for your letter and the enclosures. You have achieved a masterly success with our proprietors. If I could spare you as a friend (which I cannot possibly do), I should recommend the Government to send *you* to the United States as diplomatic representative in the place of Lord Sackville.—Ever yours,

Wilkie Collins.'"

I also noticed a fine photograph of the late Lord Lytton, after the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"But who is this?" I said, pointing to a face that seemed unfamiliar.

"Oh, well, I can scarcely call him a client. That's Mr. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, one of the largest, if not quite the largest book-producing concern (as the Americans would say) in the United States. You know I am their agent, and manage all their business on this side. The firm is famous as being the publishers of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Bret Harte, Howells, Stockton, and others of America's greatest authors. And that reminds me," said Mr. Watt, smiling, "I was much amused lately to see a review in one of the literary weeklies, in which the reviewer said he was glad

that an English publisher had at last produced a book which for beauty of workmanship and illustrations could compare with the best French work. It happened to be only one of the ordinary choice productions of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s now well-known Riverside Press."

There were many more portraits of men and women whose names are perhaps not less well-known, but to mention whom would take up too much space.

"Now, Mr. Watt, just tell me exactly what it is you do for an author who entrusts his business to your care."

"Well, if he is a novelist, like Mr. Besant, for instance, I find openings for the serial publication of his stories simultaneously all over the world. I then arrange their publication in book-form here, in America, perhaps separately in Australia, and on the Continent. Then there are translations, but the market for these is not in such a satisfactory condition as it might be, and I am at present maturing a plan which I think will enable me to do a greatly increased business in that direction."

"Which means that your clients will benefit accordingly?"

"Exactly."

"But, Mr. Watt, he must be a popular author whose books sell in all the forms and places you have mentioned. What about the younger and less-known men?"

"Oh, both in the case of the popular author and the author who is, well, not so popular, my long experience and intimate and friendly relations with all the best publishers here and in America, enable me to tell at once where I am most likely to place any particular book, and where, what is perhaps most important, I am likely to make the best arrangement for the author. In the case of serials, I know just how far most of the best periodicals are filled up and consequently would not waste time in offering a story to any one of them where I might know that however good it was it could not be used. If you think about the matter you will readily see that I, who am constantly selling work for my numerous clients, must be in a better position to make good arrangements from every point of view than an author who has only an occasional book to sell. This is particularly so in the case of a young author who has perhaps not sold more than one book as yet."

"What do you think of the prospects of the long story against the short ones for serial purposes?"

"The short story idea has not—to use a slang expression—caught on. I could mention several periodicals which were last year publishing short stories and which have now taken to the long ones again. Indeed, I think there are more openings for the publication of long stories now, serially, than there ever were. I hope and think that the great morning newspapers will soon see that it is to their interest to run a story from day to day, as some of their Paris contemporaries do. You remember, of course, the *Daily Chronicle* publishing Mr. Black's 'Donald Ross of Heimra,' and Q's 'The Blue Pavilions,' in what was then their Wednesday supplement. By the bye, I sold them both those stories. I think they made a mistake in only publishing an instalment once a week. You see it made the Wednesday's paper into a kind of weekly, and there was nothing new about that. No, what is wanted is a story running from day to-day. I am sure it would be popular and with the new machinery, which a number of the dailies have recently laid down, the difficulties of paper, printing, and space which previously existed have passed away. I wonder that the Messrs. Lloyd with that enterprise which marks all their ventures have not taken up and carried out the idea some time ago."

"The work of your clients must fill up the space devoted to fiction in a large portion of the periodical press."

"Yes, I think it does. The *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, the *Lady's Pictorial*, *Longman's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, *Tit-Bits*, the *Million*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *People*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Pearson's Weekly*, *Temple Bar*, and a number of other periodicals (all sorts and conditions as you see), not to mention the Provincial Press, are all either running, or have just concluded, or are about to run stories which I have sold them. The *Strand* and the *Idler* only use short stories."

"Do you supply them?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose there is scarcely a number of either that does not contain one or more stories bought from me."

"By the bye, Mr. Watt, do you confine yourself to dealing with fiction?"

"Not by any means. The list of my clients includes such names as Sir John Lubbock, Sir R. Ball, the late Sir Francis Adams, Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, Harrison Weir, and many others, but amongst these I must not forget Professor Shield Nicholson, of Edinburgh, who was good enough to write to me lately saying, 'You have already many testimonials in praise of your dealings in fiction; I am glad to bear witness that you are equally at home in arranging for works in such a solid subject as Political Economy.'"

"There seems no reason why your services should not be as useful to writers on so solid a subject as 'Political Economy' as to novelists, but tell me, Mr. Watt, how do publishers like you as an intermediary between themselves and authors?"

"I never found any difficulty, indeed many of them have told me that they preferred dealing with me to doing business direct. This," said Mr. Watt, taking a letter out of a drawer, will give you an idea of what one of the most enterprising of London publishers thinks of my agency. Let me read it to you:—

"'I shall be glad if you can give me some definite idea of the date at which I may expect the serial story of which you spoke the other day; and if, in the meantime, you will send me along, to look at, something else which is likely to be suitable for my readers.

"'I really do not know how a busy man like myself could ever manage to publish serial stories at all were it not for your assistance, which entirely saves one the trouble of ploughing through rubbish, and at the same time enables one to ascertain, at a moment's notice, exactly to what extent leading novelists are available for the purposes of serial publication. To the publishers of periodicals which include serial stories, and indeed literary matter of any kind by well-known authors, your services are indeed indispensable.'"

"That is indeed a strong proof that your work supplies a want."

"And you will probably be surprised to hear that my clients are not *all* authors, some of them are publishers! Yes; it's a fact, I could give you the names of some six or seven of the largest firms in London, who, whenever they have any serial or book rights to dispose of, which for any reason they cannot handle themselves, invariably entrust the business to me. They, equally with my clients, recognise the fact that I, who do nothing but sell or lease copyrights, must know better than anyone else where to find the purchaser with whom the best bargain is likely to be made. Indeed, a very prominent London publisher said to me only the other day as I was concluding some negotiations with him, 'Well, Mr. Watt, if I ever want to sell my business, I shall ask you to value and dispose of it for me.' The secret of my good relations with publishers is that while I undoubtedly make it my business to get the best possible bargain for my client, I recognise the fact that that bargain is not a good one and not in the best interests of the author unless there is room for a fair profit to the publisher. I'm always pleased when I hear that a publisher has had a big success with anything I have sold to him."

"Does it invariably follow that the author has in that case made a success also? We are speaking, of course, as you are, of the pecuniary aspect of the affair."

"Oh yes, always," said Mr. Watt, "if he's a client of mine."

"Allow me one more question. What do you think will be the result of the new American Copyright Act?"

"It will not do all that it was expected to do, but it will, unless some pirates succeed in putting it aside, do a great deal. Serial rights it has only affected slightly, but book rights it has placed on the same footing in the United States as here. It is rather early as yet to say how much in proportion to his earnings in this country an author will make in America. The population is great and increasing,

but then the country is immense, and freights and cost of production under a McKinley tariff are heavy, so royalties consequently are as a rule lower at present than those paid here."

"One more question suggested by your last remark. Do you believe in selling books on the royalty system?"

"As a rule, yes, but for different books different agreements. You cannot lay down a fixed rule for the sale of all books, and the royalty system is by no means good unless you are getting the proper royalty, a point which, as you know, is governed by the selling price of the book, the cost of production, the probable sale, and other considerations."

At this moment we were interrupted by the entry of a tall young man, who handed a note to Mr. Watt, and went out again.

"That," said Mr. Watt, "is my son. He has been associated with me for some years now, and I may say he knows nearly as much about my business as I do myself. As a gentleman is now waiting to see me, I will, if you wish to ask me any more questions, refer you to him."

I had, however, covered the ground meanwhile, and took my departure, marvelling much at the skill which reconciled author and publisher.

F. W.

NEW WRITERS.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

It is not quite correct to describe Mrs. Clifford as a "New Writer," but her recent success, 'Aunt Anne,' has widened her reputation so very considerably that she may be said to have taken a fresh start, and to have for the first time clearly established her claim to be looked on as a writer of a high order of fiction. She has made her way very gradually, having begun to write and to publish stories when she was a mere girl. One of these early stories, afterwards re-written, was published as 'The Dingy House at Kensington.' In 1875 she married Professor W. K. Clifford, a mathematician of European reputation, and a man of exceptionally brilliant gifts other than scientific. Professor Clifford died four years later, at the early age of thirty-three, leaving his widow with two little daughters. His valuable services to science were recognised after his death by the award of a Civil List Pension to his widow.

Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Clifford has devoted herself more and more to literature. Her first successes were with books for children, and it is stated that over 30,000 copies of 'Children Busy' were sold within twelve months of its publication. Next year, 1882, appeared 'Anyhow Stories,' a collection of fairy and other tales for children, marked by strong originality and literary power, but with a morbid vein running through many of them which did not render them the most wholesome food for the readers for whom they were intended. Indeed, in spite of her undoubted sense of humour, morbidity is perhaps never altogether absent from Mrs. Clifford's writing. Her first considerable success as a novel-writer was 'Mrs. Keith's Crime,' published in 1885, when she was at once recognised by a fair number of critics as a writer of force and originality. Success, however, did not tempt her to produce hastily, and her next work of fiction, 'The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman,' appeared only last year. The book, which was a series of studies of character rather than a novel in the ordinary sense of the word, contained much subtle analysis, a strong dash of cynicism, and unconventional views of life. But the power and the interest of 'The Love Letters' have been surpassed in her recent novel of 'Aunt Anne,' where, though she has revelled in improbabilities, she shows distinct creative and constructive power, and has earned the reputation of being one of the most entertaining writers of the day.

MR. R. H. HUTTON.

To discuss Mr. Richard Holt Hutton's work in criticism — either literary, political, or ethical criticism — is practically to discuss the *Spectator*. Probably no other case of equally close identification of a great organ of opinion with the spiritual personality of its editor can be adduced. In fact, Mr. Hutton is the *Spectator*. Professor Earle, in his fine work on English Prose—speaking of those newspapers that have what he calls "a corporate style," a style of impersonal individuality—cites the *Spectator* as the most remarkable example of a journal which, for any diversity of tone or manner or attitude you can detect in its articles, might be written by one man from cover to cover. The production of such an impression is certainly a triumph of the art of editing. In such a case the "we" becomes something more than a mere journalistic convention; the reader has really a feeling as though he were listening to something more authoritative than the irresponsible *ipse dixit* of any single writer, however able and distinguished. Even if he happens to know something as to who are the actual contributors (for they are men, even like unto ourselves), it hardly occurs to him to indulge in private speculation as to the possible authorship of a particular leader or review. It is not Mr. So-and-so who writes the article in question; it is the *Spectator*, or the *Times*, or the *Standard* which speaks—for each of these journals possesses one of those "corporate styles" alluded to by Professor Earle. Such a unity and homogeneity of accent can only result when the contributors are all—perhaps unconsciously—assimilated into vital intellectual harmony with their chief, whose idiosyncrasy must be in some subtle way imposed upon his staff, not in the sense of causing them to write insincerely, and utter opinions other than their own, clothed in a style foreign to their own natural manner, but yet in a sense which

does imply that they are not speaking solely for themselves in their capacity as separate thinking units, but that the presiding influence is also speaking through them. There can be no doubt about the superior weight and impressiveness thus produced, the additional confidence thus inspired. The world is wiser than its wisest man, and on substantially the same principle, though on a lower scale, the dictum of the *Times* or the *Spectator* is more authoritative than the utterance of the ablest writer in the *Spectator* or the *Times*.

So far as I know, Mr. Hutton has not republished in collected form any of his own writings in the periodical with which he is so pre-eminently associated, and no doubt his abstinence from so doing has contributed to the preservation of that effect of oneness, that air of cohesion, that manifest intellectual fusion, which any visible emergence of himself from his own literary organ might conceivably, in some degree, distract or impair. But the two volumes of essays reprinted from the old *National Review* (not an ancestor of the existing *National Review* of Mr. Alfred Austin) and the volume of estimates of political notabilities, recovered from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of an almost prehistoric period, when the politics of that journal were somewhat other than they are to-day,—these books bear their author's name on the title-pages, and it is interesting to note in them certain divergences in point of style, not only from the style Spectatorial, but from each other. The *National Review* papers being larger in scale, are more expansive (by which I do not at all mean discursive) in style, than is the typical *Spectator* article of to-day; while the style of the *Pall Mall* articles is more crisply epigrammatic. We quote almost at random from the latter, cautioning the reader to remember that they were issued as a volume so long ago as 1866.

"Mr. Gladstone's mind mediates between the moral and material interests of the age, and rests in neither. He moralises finance and commerce, and (if we may be allowed the barbarism) institutionalises ethics and faith."

"A statesman of the very highest class of the second rank—or, as some one epigrammatically said of him, 'a statesman of second-rate intellect in a first-rate state of effervescence.'"

"There are wild possibilities in Mr. Gladstone."

It is in one of these mediæval *Pall Mall* articles that Mr. Hutton makes the remark: "There are Liberals who are so liberal that they care nothing about any change which is not likely to be resented and resisted by the Conservatives." And it is in another of the same series that there occurs the following characterisation of the great phrase-maker of Toryism, *àpropos* of his slightly grotesque efforts to get inside the English character and de-Semiticise his own:

"There is an amusing story told by Musæus about a capricious German gnome called Rübezahl, who haunts the Giant Mountains of Saxony, and who, wanting to gain an insight into earthly passions, and finding he could not do so without a body, experimented first in the form of a raven, and in that shape gazed at a beautiful princess while bathing with her attendants in his domains, but found his only dominant instinct was to peck at their legs or hide away their earrings. That story vividly reminds us of Mr. Disraeli's difficulties as an English politician. He seems to *wish* to gain an insight into English political feeling, and to have chosen a wrong organisation for the purpose—an organisation which too often only tempts him to peck cleverly at their many vulnerable points. . . . . He has almost as much difficulty in understanding how Englishmen really think and feel about politics as the German gnome turned raven had in discovering how men really felt about beauty."

I make no apology for quoting these passages in a magazine which professedly concerns itself with literature alone, for their subject is not politics but men, and they are extracted from a body of essayettes dealing with various statesmen and politicians in their human aspect, from the point of view of the philosophical analyst of character and motive. 'Absalom and Achitophel' is none the less literature because its subject is taken from a chapter in English political history. But when one passes to Mr. Hutton's expressly literary studies, one can hardly resist the conviction that his heart is there, though much of his *mind* is elsewhere engaged. No literary critic is so great as to be without limitations, and I venture to think that Mr. Hutton does not invariably do full justice to literary power *per se*, when dissociated from any spiritual force such as makes for man's ennoblement and moral quickening. Thus he says:

"There is but one passage in all Shelley's exquisite poetry which rises into pure sublimity—because power is of the essence of sublimity, and Shelley had no true sense of power . . . . the passage in which he puts into Beatrice Cenci's heart the sudden doubt lest the spiritual world be without God after all."

Now I should have thought that Mr. Hutton would have found the closing portion of 'Adonais' more sublime; and, incidentally, I cannot but think that although the observation that "power is of the essence of sublimity" is doubtless true enough, it is only a part of the truth, for although power is implied in sublimity, the chief constituent of the Sublime seems more often to be something less active, less directly energised, than pure power. A mood of rapturous contemplation in a poet may have sublime issues, and although some form of power may be at the base of such a mood, it is not necessarily one of the visible and direct agencies towards a given sublime effect. Subtle as is the essay on "Shelley's Poetic Mysticism," many a reader, not impeachable on the ground of Shelleyolatry, must have wished that the critic had surrendered himself more willingly to the spell of this poet's peculiar beauty, to his aërial passion, his white flame of transcendental ardour. When, however, we turn to the essay on Wordsworth, we feel at once that no such adequate appraisement of that poet's genius—no estimate at once so generous and so discriminating, so reverent and so judicial—had previously appeared; while, with regard to George Eliot—whose genius there has latterly been a foolish fashion of decrying by means of purely arbitrary objections to certain perfectly legitimate methods of artistic procedure—Mr. Hutton's part has been that of seer rather than of mere critic.

But praise of a veteran like Mr. Hutton in the mouth of a raw recruit is an impertinence, and I would rather fall back upon the *Spectator*, which is no doubt capable of surviving the most infelicitous eulogy. Also I dare not touch even the fringe of Mr. Hutton's theological studies. Theology lies somewhat outside my province; and I feel that I can safely leave it to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who employs it so pleasantly to lighten the austerity of fiction. Writing many years ago of Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. Hutton credited that statesman with "the invaluable habit of mind which can respectfully recognise an opinion wherever found as *de facto* power," and of Mr. Bright he said (in an equally remote past): "He can never feel sufficient sympathy with an opponent's view to attempt to convince him: all he does is to inspire his followers with enthusiasm and his foes with wrath." These sentences suggest, more or less directly, what is, I believe, generally admitted to be one of the *Spectator's* honourable distinctions—its anxiety to see the opposite side, to do justice to its opponent's view, even going so far as to state that view, as if with the deliberate object of putting it effectively: of course, proceeding, without unnecessary delay, to explode it even more effectively still. Misrepresentation is always easier than argument, and in an age when journalism rather frequently takes the easier course, a consistent and scrupulous avoidance of any form of either direct or oblique mendacity is probably the *moral* quality which, more than any other, has made the *Spectator* the most entirely respected newspaper printed in the English language. The same virtue of straightforward and unfaltering honesty is no doubt at the root of Mr. Hutton's power as a literary critic. We feel that here is a mind of great opulence, which yet positively refuses to deploy its forces for the mere purpose of intellectual parade or display. It is, perhaps, almost *too* engrossed in the more serious object of capturing the coy and elusive truth; and not the truth which is minor and subsidiary, but the truth of most value and moment to the human soul. In the presence of aims so strenuous and high, the art of turning a pretty sentence, which often means a brilliantly idle and irrelevant sentence, is not unnaturally held cheap. Indeed, the *Spectator* has all along been a force—less in the sense of aggression than of passive resistance—making against the school which erects mere skill of pen into a disproportionate salience in our view of the ends and functions of literature. And time has apparently justified the *Spectator's* quietly resolute attitude, for since, let us say, the death of Rossetti, nothing has been more marked than the rapid decadence of that theory of writing which would elevate a phrase above an emotion, and a sounding line above a noble thought.

William Watson.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between August 15th and September 15th, 1892:—

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL.

1. A Footnote to History. R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)
2. Punch's Model Music Hall. F. Anstey. 4s. 6d. (Bradbury.)
3. Number Twenty, by Traill. 3s. 6d. (Henry & Co.)
4. Maid Marian and Robin Hood, by Muddock. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)
5. Flying Visits, by Harry Furniss. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
6. The Fate of Fenella, by twenty-four Authors. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

LONDON, EAST CENTRAL.

1. Dickens' Work. New Edition. 2s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
2. Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul. 3s. 6d. Silver Library. (Longmans.)
3. Mountaineering. Badminton Library. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)
4. Austen's Pride and Prejudice. 2 vols. 4s. 6d. (Dent and Co.)
5. Lecky's Ireland. Vol. 2. New Edition. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Lotze's Philosophy of Religion. 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Idler Volume.
2. Dickens. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
3. Mrs. Ward's David Grieve. (Smith & Elder.)
4. The Silver Library. (Longmans.)
5. Badminton Library. (Longmans.)
6. Thackeray. Cheap Edition.

EDINBURGH.

1. The Heritage of the Kurts, by B. Björnson. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
2. Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar, by George Smith, LL.D. 10s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
3. Craigmillar and its Environs, by Tom Speedy. 6s. 6d. (Selkirk: George Lewis and Son.)
4. A Footnote to History, by R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell and Co.)
5. Sicily, by Edward A. Freeman, LL.D. 5s. (Fisher Unwin.)
6. Flying Visits, by Harry Furniss. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

ABERDEEN.

1. New collected edition of Farrar's Works. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
2. Horton's This Do. 2s. (Clarke & Co.)
3. Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads. 6s.
4. Scotch Stories, by David Grant. 1s.
5. Edinburgh Sketches during Assembly Time. 1s.
6. Thomas Carlyle, by Professor Nichol. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

BRADFORD.

1. Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference. 2s. (C. H. Kelly.)
2. Human Origins. S. Laing. 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)
3. Darkness and Dawn. Farrar. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
4. Sicily: Story of the Nations. Freeman. 5s. (Unwin.)
5. Barrie's Novels.
6. Dickens' Novels.

The cheap edition of Hardy's 'Tess' is eagerly awaited.

BURNLEY.

1. Dickens' Novels. Re-issue. 2s. 6d. each. (Chapman & Hall.)
2. Birtwistle's Uniform Price List for Weaving, etc. 1s. 6d. (Whittaker, Accrington.)
3. Science and Art Directory for 1892. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
4. The Craven and North-West Yorkshire Highlands. Illustrated. By H. Speight (Johnnie Grey). 7s. 6d. Published by Author.
5. Bygone Derbyshire. 7s. 6d. (Andrews.)
6. Stevenson's The Wrecker. 6s. (Cassell.)
7. Property, its Origin and Development, by C. Letourneax. 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott.)
8. Annandale's Concise Dictionary of the English Language. 5s. (Blackie.)

[We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers in the districts indicated.]

NEW BOOKS.

BOSANQUET'S HISTORY OF ÆSTHETIC.*

Mr. Bosanquet's treatise is eminently one of the "some few" books which, in Bacon's familiar distinction, deserve "to be chewed and digested," "read wholly and with diligence and attention." Without diligence and attention, indeed, it is impossible to read a page of it, for it is written for philosophers in a philosophical dialect, a dialect which moves in the highest altitudes of abstraction and rejects the help of plain examples as being treacherous and misleading. When Mr. Bosanquet does drop into ordinary English, he shows himself such a master of incisive phrase, and when he does condescend upon an example, he handles it with such luminous effect, that one is inclined sometimes to grumble that he should prefer to clothe his thoughts in an uncouth medium. But doubtless he has good reasons of his own for adopting it, and the thoughts themselves are so fresh and powerful when we do get at them that nobody who is tolerably accustomed to the rarefied dialect will grudge the pains of interpretation. And it must be admitted that Mr. Bosanquet has one great merit as an expositor. He never loses sight of a central thesis. He keeps constantly harking back to it, and making it more and more definite by gradually revealing all that it denies. It results from this pertinacity that the clearest and happiest expressions of his general purpose are given in casual asides.

The work is of immense scope. Not only does it deal critically with theories of the beautiful from Socrates to Mr. William Morris, and the progressive development of the working idea of beauty in the history of Fine Art, but it attempts also to trace how this development has been affected by great changes in the conditions of life. "The central matter to be elucidated is the value of beauty for human life, no less as implied in practice than as explicitly recognised in reflection." And Mr. Bosanquet's way of elucidating this is to argue that there has been a gradual expansion of the conception of beauty, resulting in the recognition of a rich and distinctive sphere for Art as the creation of beautiful things. Mr. Bosanquet is at once catholic and discriminating, profoundly learned and in close touch with practice, and one would like to interest in his work many whom the abstruseness of his treatment is likely to repel. The average educated reader cannot but be staggered by the definition of the beautiful which he gives in his first chapter as the conception that the world has reached after two thousand years of intellectual and practical travail:—"That which has characteristic or individual expressiveness for sense-perception or imagination, subject to the conditions of general or abstract expressiveness in the same medium." As a cautious definition, treading warily over the pitfalls in which previous attempts at definition have been engulfed, this is admirable; but might it not be put a little more intelligibly? Something very near the substance of it was expressed in a casual dictum of David Wilkie's:—"Art is only art when it adds mind to form." One would not, of course, contend that this renders all Mr. Bosanquet's meaning, or, indeed, that all his meaning could be rendered within the compass of the present article: there is no way of reaching that except reading his book. The definition with which he starts is deliberately framed to suit the purpose of his history. The point of it is that the Greeks in their theories of the beautiful laid stress upon harmony of parts, symmetry, unity in variety, whereas in modern Art and theory of Art stress is laid rather on expressiveness, the utterance of spiritual truths, the embodiment of the motives

* 'A History of Æsthetic.' By Bernard Bosanquet. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1892.)

that sway life; and Mr. Bosanquet's main object is to show how the later conception was gradually superimposed upon the earlier.

There are some, doubtless, who will be inclined to ask whether this could not be better done without dragging in exploded or superseded æsthetic theories at all, more particularly seeing that, as Mr. Bosanquet repeatedly admits, theory follows tardily after practice. Could not any change in the aims of Art, tending to increase the value of that beauty which its works embody, best be read in the works themselves? Is it not to them that we must ultimately come if we wish to discover the constituent elements of the beautiful? "When we ask *in what respects*, that is, in virtue of what general character or conditions, a reality, whether presented or represented, is *beautiful*, then we have raised the specific question of æsthetic science." Why, then, trouble ourselves about the historical series of imperfect one-sided theories? Why not go direct to the facts? Mr. Bosanquet does not specifically raise this question, but it is easy to conjecture on what lines he would answer it so as to justify his procedure. It is the objective elements of beauty that he is in search of, that which all works of art have in common that produce in us a certain peculiar feeling of enjoyment. Now although at first sight it might appear that the best, and indeed the only way to get at this would be the comparison of the works that do as a matter of fact yield this enjoyment, it is also apparent on a little reflection that the historian who should confine himself to his own direct observation would also confine himself to his own standard of appreciation. To get at the objective elements he must not merely compare the works of art, but he must also compare his own impressions with those of others; otherwise he could never get beyond his own personal estimate, and would be in constant danger of reading into the works implications that were not there for anybody but himself. Therefore it is of importance in inquiring into change or development in the conception of the beautiful to study contemporary theorists. What they recognised as the secret of their enjoyment of beautiful things, is at least valuable as a corrective of any theory we may form as regards what Mr. Bosanquet calls "the æsthetic consciousness" of their time. Their impressions may have been biassed or one-sided; they may have had, as Mr. Bosanquet shows clearly in the cases of Plato and Aristotle, and as we may suspect in some others, their own philosophical axes to grind; but still their impressions are indispensable as clues in the search. To sift out the bias is one of the duties of the historian, and this Mr. Bosanquet does with masterly skill.

Where we chiefly desiderate a more liberal use of examples in Mr. Bosanquet's exposition is in trying to fathom what lies behind the terms of his definition. Characteristic expressiveness, significance, symbolism, are good words, but even when supplemented by such phrases as "deeper reality" or "unseen reality behind the objects of common sense-perception," they still leave us asking what deeper realities he has in his mind, and whether their character is not an essential factor in the impression of beauty. After all, it is from such examples and specific negations as he does give that we get light on this farther meaning. He makes it clear, for instance, that by "characteristic or individual" he does not mean eccentric, or odd, or characteristic in any sense incompatible with formal beauty. Characteristic, indeed, is only a synonym of significant or symbolic; and formal beauty, harmony, symmetry, would seem to be itself characteristic, as being symbolical of "the most abstract relations of systematic and orderly action or existence." It is the note of modern beauty to be characteristic over and above this. But of what? Does he mean that the beauty lies in the mere fact of characterising, or is the character of the thing signified understood to be an element? The same farther question occurs in connection with another example. He makes it clear that by symbolical he does not mean symbolical in the way of allegory, when the thing symbolised is not embodied in the sensuous image; but naturally symbolical, as when "the lines of a flower-bud indicate growth and vitality." But, passing over the question in which category he would include such established symbolisms as a pair of scales for justice, or the kind exemplified in the "Shadow of the Cross," one asks in the case of this indication of growth and vitality whether the beauty is understood to lie in the mere significativeness, or are growth and vitality, the deeper realities signified, beautiful in themselves? Again, *apropos* of the inclusion of ugliness, or rather of what to common apprehension is ugly or commonplace, within the frontier of beauty, Mr. Bosanquet quotes with approval Hegel's defence of Dutch painting and Mr. Thomas Hardy's vindication of the beauty of Egdon Heath. Dutch painting was beautiful in Hegel's eyes because it was expressive of the civic enterprise of the Dutch and their honest pride in having won for themselves by that enterprise so many of the good things of life; and Mr. Hardy ascribes the beauty of Egdon Heath to its accordance with the sombre moods of mankind. These visible things fall within Mr. Bosanquet's definition of the beautiful as being characteristic of deeper realities. But again we are tempted to ask whether the beauty does not depend upon the spiritual realities signified and not upon the mere fact of being characteristic. Mr. Bosanquet seems to admit as much when he uses the word sympathy in connection with the extension of beautiful character to things that are commonly repellent or indifferent. He seems also to have regard to the character of the thing signified when he expressly excludes "ideas" in the Platonic sense, intellectual hypotheses, from the domain of artistic expression—an exclusion, by the way, which seems hardly consistent with his approval of Mr. Ruskin's discovery of beauty in the weather-marked lines on a simple bare bank of earth. Only in this last example, perhaps, the beautiful expressiveness is not of geological theory, but of the forces that the geological theory assumes to operate on a larger scale. At any rate, we should gladly have had more such examples from Mr. Bosanquet to dispel the indistinctness that occasionally attends his abstract manner of exposition. But while the want of examples is to be deplored in the interests of the general reader, it must ungrudgingly be admitted that Mr. Bosanquet's 'History of Æsthetic' is really a great work, masterly in systematisation, accurate in learning, and full of fresh suggestion. It would of itself have entitled him to high rank among English philosophers if he had not already taken this by his 'Morphology of Knowledge.'

W. Minto.

MR. YEATS' NEW BOOK.*

The scene of the 'Countess Kathleen' is laid in some part of Christian Ireland, some centuries ago. A famine is in the land, and the benighted people are beginning to die when the drama opens. Scene I. introduces us to "The Lady's Head" inn. Shemus Rua, the inn-keeper, enters and prepares to cook the wolf which he brings home. Very soon two travellers appear and, seating themselves before the fire, produce a bottle of wine, from which they drink and invite the family to do likewise. The woman does not drink; and when some recrimination ensues between her and the travellers, we learn that they are buyers of "souls." At which the woman shrieks, and the men, having drunk deeply, go out at the request of the "merchants" to find customers. Scene II. opens in the great hall of the Countess's castle, wherein she talks with her foster-mother, and receives from her servants the news that her despairing people are selling their souls to the devil. She therefore orders that all her possessions except her house be sold for their relief. In Scene III. we are still in the great hall. The hour is midnight, and the "merchants" enter and discuss the best method of thwarting the philanthropic designs, and of getting the soul, of Kathleen. We are again at the inn of Shemus Rua in Scene IV. The "merchants" are bargaining for souls with numerous customers, amongst whom enters the love-stricken bard, Kevin, and offers his soul for the getting rid of it. They decline to receive what he has not power to give; for his soul belongs to Kathleen, who herself now enters and sells her own; for this was the only way to save her people. We return in Scene V. to the castle. As dawn breaks the household is aroused by strange sounds. The oratory steps are strewn with owls' feathers.

* 'The Countess Kathleen, and various Legends and Lyrics.' By W. B. Yeats. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Cameo Series.

From the oratory door streams a bright light, wherethrough descend angelical forms, who sing as they carry in the lifeless body of Kathleen. Being questioned, they tell that for her soul they have fought with the devil's messengers and have won it.

It is to be wished that Mr. Yeats had paused for a time, resting content, as he might well have done, with his lyrical fame, before giving us a tragedy. To the readers of his first book he discovered his talent for dramatic effect in pieces like 'Mosada'; but such pieces exhibit, after all, only a certain side of the man by whom a tragedy may or may not afterwards be written. They are just the kind of work to which Goethe never tired of recommending young poets to confine themselves. But it is, furthermore, to be regretted that Mr. Yeats, in the 'Countess Kathleen,' selected an action depending for its chief interest upon the motive which, under more favourable conditions in every respect, Goethe himself took twenty-five years to handle successfully.

The 'Countess Kathleen' fails as a tragedy. The Countess is amiable, and she has the traditional Celtic sadness about her. But when she is discovered to us, she is listening to her foster-mother singing a beautiful lyric—and her people are starving! Now the world in which we live is the sphere of tragedy, and it demands, if a great action is to go forward in it, that the actor shall understand it. A young dreamy woman, living in a castle with a dreamy old one, will not be that kind of person at all. She will be sad, and say: "The famine frets me"—

> "I would go down and dwell among the shee*
> In their old ever-busy honeyed land."

And what disaster can come out of a character like that? She may very nobly sell her soul, as she does; but the barter of such a soul does not strike one as a serious affair. So, as the plot unwinds itself we do not have the feeling that a great action is going forward before our eyes; the feeling we have is that the 'Countess Kathleen' is an exquisite story; but tragedy is "action, not recital."

If Mr. Yeats, however, has failed to give us a tragedy, in the parts, the "impressions," he is quite at his ease. The famine touches everything with horror:

> "By Carrick-orus churchyard
> A herdsman met with one who had no mouth,
> Nor ears, nor eyes—his face a wall of flesh . . ."

The men are grown resentful: "God and God's mother nod and sleep"; and the old superstitious respect is gone:

> "I'll chew the lean dog-wolf
> With no less mirth, if chaired beside the hearth,
> Rubbing its hands before the bog-wood flame,
> Be Pooka, Sowlth, or demon of the pit."

But the story is full of beauty and wisdom:

> "I'm right glad
> My home is on the mountain near to God."
>
> "Is that peace
> Known to the birds of prey so dread a thing?"
>
> "The years like great black oxen tread the world."
>
> "Old man, old man, He never closed a door
> Unless one opened . . .
> . . . He does not forsake the world,
> But stands before it modelling in the clay
> And moulding there His image. Age by age
> The clay wars with His fingers and pleads hard
> For its old, heavy, dull, and shapeless ease."

Some of the poems contained in this volume are already known to Mr. Yeats' readers: the 'Song' (in the 'Countess Kathleen'), the 'Fairy Song' (the best fairy song in our language), the 'Lake Isle of Innisfree.' His work of this nature is quite without "gipsy" manners or other strange new ways of catching readers for oneself. It exhibits his graceful acceptance of that restrained mood and language which are, in fact, the lyrical temper. In poems not exactly lyrical does he also, though, succeed admirably. Many such successes this volume contains—

> "When you are old and grey and full of sleep
> And nodding by the fire, take down this book
> And slowly read and dream of the soft look
> Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep:
>
> How many loved your moments of glad grace,
> And loved your beauty with love false or true,
> But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
> And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
>
> And bending down beside the glowing bars
> Murmur, a little sad, 'From us fled Love.
> He paced upon the mountains far above,
> And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.'"

C. W.

* Fairies.

MR. FREEMAN'S SICILY.*

It was a favourite saying with Professor Freeman that "in order to write a small history you must first write a large one." This is a counsel of perfection, and one as to the execution of which the publishers might have something to say. But if the small history is to be a good one, it is certain that the writer must do as much work as would be needed for writing a large one. For the firmness of grasp, the largeness of view, the freshness of interest, and the familiarity with detail, needed as much for rejection as for admission, can only come from the direct study of original authorities; and a writer who is familiar with the chroniclers, the coins, the inscriptions, the charters and the correspondence of a period finds it easier to write half-a-dozen octavos than a single duodecimo. Mr. Freeman's History of Sicily would have set the worthy crown upon a life of indefatigable activity. Probably it would have been the greatest of his works; for the subject gave even finer opportunities than the Norman Conquest itself for the display of his wonderful range of learning, and his sense of the unity of the great drama of history. But it was destined to remain a fragment; and even if something may still be added to the three volumes already issued, the story of Roman, of Saracen, and of Norman Sicily must be told, if at all, by others. It is therefore a matter for great satisfaction that for once Mr. Freeman had so far departed from his usual practice as to write the briefer sketch of what we may call (by a term against which he would himself have protested) the ancient history of Sicily before he worked the whole of it out in fuller detail. Before he left England on that journey to Spain, from which he was never to return, he had already passed for the press all the sheets of the present volume, which carries the narrative down to the appearance of the Saracens. Somewhat less than half of it covers the three stout volumes of the larger work; the rest takes us, though somewhat rapidly, over ground as yet unbroken by him.

It is pleasant to be able to say that the posthumous volume is to be regarded as completely successful. Mr. Freeman's earlier abridgements had given some reason to fear that it might be overburdened with details. In his general European History, for instance, it is often not easy to see the wood for the trees; and the very fulness of his knowledge makes that handbook the despair of a judicious examiner not less than the torment of a hopeless candidate. But in this story of Sicily the broad lines of the narrative are rarely, if ever, confused by the multitude of petty incidents. Perhaps the careers of Dionysius the Elder and of Agathocles will be found by some students bewildering from the rapid alternation of successes and reverses of little permanent significance; but it is not easy to see how their stories could have been better compressed. On the whole, Mr. Freeman has contrived with admirable skill to convey a vivid sense of the personalities of the great figures that pass over the scene. Gelon and Hieron, Hermocrates and Nicias, Dion and Timoleon, Pyrrhus and Archimedes, are sketched with a graphic vigour born of intimate knowledge and sympathy; and the meaning of each of the great struggles between the East and the West, the Greek and the barbarian, is brought out with striking effect. In some ways a reader fresh from the study of the larger work will feel that there has been gain as well as loss in the restriction to narrower limits. Mr. Freeman was so conscious of the need of hammering away at a point which he

* 'The Story of the Nations. Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman.' By E. A. Freeman. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. pp. 378.

wished to enforce, that he at times repeated his blows to an extent that grew wearisome. In style as in general treatment his work gains by compression. Of course there is not room in this little book for any discussion of controverted points; but it is surprising how few of the leading ideas of the three large volumes have been altogether omitted in the 150 pages, which here cover the same extent. Whether these are always accurate is a question that can hardly be examined here. His theory as to the Latin connexions of the Sikels, his view of the nature of the struggle between Greece and Phœnicia, his strong democratic tendencies, have all been attacked, and defended by him with his usual energy. Suffice it to observe that they reappear without a note of repentance. Even topography is not neglected, though it is not treated at much length; and it is helped by an excellent map, and several useful plans. The illustrations throughout are admirably selected, and very fairly executed. It hardly needs the initials added to the preface to tell us to whom we are indebted for the choice of the beautiful series of Sicilian coins. But Mr. Evans might have had more compassion upon the "general reader" than to leave one of them with the perfectly correct but somewhat bewildering description "Dâmarateion." The author himself is hardly considerate in his favourite phrases, "the walls were slighted," "Hellas was cut short," and "the march of the Phœnicians." But nothing is more difficult than to be always easily intelligible; and a few obscure allusions may be of service in stimulating curiosity. As a whole the book is more than a chip from the great toiler's workshop; it is a finished little masterpiece, which few, if any, others could have given us. A. S. Wilkins.

"'MONGST FRIENDS."*

Mrs. Ritchie (one can hardly help writing Miss Thackeray) always writes in a charming style and a gracious spirit. Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning, her friends and her father's friends, make subjects of perennial interest, and she has something to give us beyond the delicate appreciations which may be safely counted on. There are a few anecdotes of value in Mrs. Ritchie's book, and being related on the best authority, they are no doubt exceptions to De Quincey's rule that all anecdotes are lies. The clear print and pleasant page add to the attraction of the book. After all, however, these records are trivial enough. Parts of them at least, though this is nowhere mentioned, have appeared in American periodicals, accompanied by illustrations, which would have been very welcome here. Many pages are mere padding—extracts from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and from Mrs. Orr's 'Life of Browning,' and a very poor summary of *Praeterita*, the only excuse for which is that Mrs. Ritchie once saw a daughter of one of the Domecq sisters, "a beautiful young woman all dressed in pale gray with a long veil floating on the wind, who sat motionless and absorbed looking towards the distant hills." Into the home life of her distinguished friends, Mrs. Ritchie gives us some pleasant and permissible glimpses, and there is interest too in some hitherto unpublished letters by Ruskin and Browning. The description of Somersby Rectory, which opens the volume, is not happy; it is easy to believe that the writer has "never known Somersby." Some of her quotations are inaccurate (the familiar last words of Browning ought certainly to be printed as he left them). But the printers' readers must bear part of the blame, and Mrs. Ritchie is to be thanked by all lovers of literary talk. She has given the gossips both example and sanction, and never in any word belies her motto, "'Mongst Friends."

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M. ZOLA'S SHORT STORIES.†

The presentation of the stories in this volume to English readers is timely. Its timeliness, indeed, saves the volume from being a bit of book-making, and nothing more. For M. Zola is not a master of the art of short-story writing. He needs a large canvas to work on, and a large amount of material. Profound and vigilant student of human nature as he is, and though the personages of his novels are real flesh and blood, yet he uses them generally to illustrate a thesis, a movement, a mental or social development; and a distinctly philosophical or sociological writer of fiction must always be at a disadvantage in a kind of literature only adapted to reveal the play of individual character or caprice. Mr. Gosse, in the pleasant little introduction he has written, does not pretend that all the short stories are of first-rate literary value. But they have abundant interest, and he does well to call our attention to it. That M. Zola, too, is generally on his good behaviour in these lighter efforts is of course an additional reason for freshly introducing him under their wing to English readers. Zola began by being an idealist. He has not left off being one, in spite of a popular idea to the contrary. But his idealism at eighteen years old hovered about "an enchanted bud of sweet marjoram" in Fairyland, and real life made its way very gradually, and even reluctantly, into his fiction. Zola, the writer of fairy romance, the sentimental idyllist, is an interesting and, from a literary point of view, a highly-instructive subject of contemplation, and Mr. Gosse's essay will probably tempt not a few inquisitive voyagers to set out on the wide sea that lies between "Germinal" and the "Contes à Ninon."

But the chief interest of the present volume is to readers of 'La Débâcle.' The first story, 'The Attack on the Mill,' Zola's contribution to Les Soirées de Médan, reads like a sketch for the larger work. It might have been woven into it amongst the loosely-arranged pictures of war and its fortunes, except that the central motive of 'The Attack' is almost identical with one of the most striking incidents of the novel. The order of the Germans, that all persons not belonging to the regular army caught with arms in their hands should be shot, has Weiss, the honest, obstinate Alsacian, for its victim in 'La Débâcle'; in this tale, the equally obstinate young Belgian Penquer. In Weiss's case, exasperation at the attack on his own property and at the insolent recklessness of the Prussians; in Penquer's, the necessity of defending his sweetheart and her father, are severally the forces that turn the peaceable civilians into the most dogged of fighters, the most dangerous of enemies. It is worth while reading the account of the attack on Weiss's house at Bazeilles side by side with this earlier study. It is like gaining a peep into M. Zola's workshop.

'Three Wars' is a series of reminiscences of the Crimean, Italian, and Franco-German wars. Zola is not at his ease in this kind of writing. His allusions and recollections are hardly crisp enough. But they serve as a slight background to a pathetic tale of two brothers. Louis, the hardy and adventurous one, enlists as a soldier. Julien is a timid, gentle poet, a despiser of physical force, to whom patriotism is but a shadow, and who has only enthusiasm for things of the soul. Stronger, however, than his desire for quiet study and his contempt for war is his love for his brother. Louis' danger turns Julien into a reader of the newspapers. But, contemplative as ever, he foresees, like Weiss in the 'Débâcle,' the coming defeat amid the noise and enthusiasm and the cries of "À Berlin!" When Louis falls, Julien becomes a *franc-tireur*. After Sedan, "one of his comrades came to tell me that this young fellow, so pale and slender, fought like a wolf. He kept up a savage warfare against the Prussians, watching them from behind a hedge, using a knife rather than a gun." All his fastidiousness, his dilettantism is left behind. "I take Louis' place," he said; "I cannot be anything but a soldier. Oh! powder intoxicates! And one's country, you see, is the earth where they lie whom we loved!" Julien is a study in the same nervous, overstrained race of young Frenchmen to whom Maurice Levasseur belongs. The vision of Maurice, as he lies dying in the Paris garret, that "le bain de sang était necessaire, et de sang français, l'abominable holocauste, le sacrifice vivant, au milieu du feu purificateur," that "la nation allait renaître" by means of "la partie saine de la France . . . celle qui était restée le plus près de la terre," was in M. Zola's mind when he wrote the little sketch 'Three Wars.' "War," he says there, "is a dark necessity, like death. It may be that we must have something of a dung-heap to keep civilisation in flower." G-Y.

* 'Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning.' By Anne Ritchie. (Macmillan and Co.) 10s. 6d.

† 'The Attack on the Mill, and other Sketches of War.' By Emile Zola. With an Essay on the Short Stories of M. Zola. By Edmund Gosse. 3s. 6d. (W. Heinemann.)

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY.*

The title is attractive. For years we have been periodically primed by the newspapers with Samoan affairs, and have thus amassed an unusual store of ignorance. Such is contemporary history—a patchwork of the flurried guesses and bribed lies wherewith correspondents concoct their letters and telegrams. We read and wholly disbelieve. The fateful dramas enacting overseas this very day will to-morrow be reported in the nauseous jargon of some jackanapes—next day his statements will be contradicted—then reiterated, amplified, withdrawn, but of solid facts and the import of facts we gather little or none. The age in which we live is the one of which we know least, a mere cloud-land compared to the epoch of the Pharaohs. Who can grasp the head or tail of African questions, or sever right from wrong when they clash on the Spanish Main? So we just accept the situation, go on sapiently discussing matters of which we know nothing at all, and stand fast in the pious faith that anyhow the English must be right, and our natural enemies, the foreigners, more or less wrong—unless we happen to be in Opposition, when of course we know at once that the arch-enemy, Her Majesty's Government, are at the bottom of the black business. Then the question drops, and we relapse into ignorance and oblivion till someone brings out a book. This first book usually forms an epoch in opinion, and stereotypes our notions for some time, unless the subject be as popular as for instance the Russian famine, when a simultaneous explosion of mutually destructive treatises takes place. Samoa has been more fortunate in waiting to enlist the pen of a writer whose distinction can hardly fail to draw attention to her story. At last we are to hear all about it from one whom we have learnt to trust.

But do we? Does this 'Footnote to History' condescend sufficiently to the level of our ignorance, or rise to the height of our perhaps extravagant expectations? Is it as luminous, is it as captivating as we anticipated? In both respects I own to a certain disappointment. The author, not unnaturally, has written too much on the spot. What to him is familiar to us is unknown or dimly remembered. In spite of his careful dates, his story does not seem to flow consecutively, and it lacks a business-like beginning. The two first chapters, valuable and charming as they are, would have been improved by a plain short sketch, just three or four pages, of the history of the islands. To tell the truth, his fanciful, allusive style is a little tantalising when we are craving for hard fact. Similarly in his map "the north coast of Upolu" appears as an east coast without any indication of the compass, nor does the map add anything to his very clear written description, since the most important point—the barrier reefs—is not shown. A map of the group, or even an enumeration of the islands in the text, would have been a helpful condescension. Amid the chaos of native names, all so much alike, those only who know the Samoan Archipelago as well as the British can distinguish big islands from little villages. Of course we all ought to know—but we don't; and of course we can all consult books of reference, but we hate books of reference.

On the other hand, one feels that the story might have been made far more dramatic, picturesque and striking, but for this there is a sufficient explanation. Mr. Stevenson is writing as an advocate, his book is a plea for the oppressed natives, and wisely he has adopted a tone of studied moderation, mild tolerance and placatory reticence, which naturally fetters his powers. Had he taken up a strong line he might have achieved splendid success by idyllic native scenes, cruel satire on the Germans and savoury panegyric of the British. But thus he would hardly have effected his object, which was not to exacerbate existing jealousies, but to gain the ear of all parties for his temperate statement. For such it is—a mere diplomatic statement, enriched perforce with some of the graces of the author's fancy and diction, but a work outside his natural sphere. That he should generously have undertaken it, that he should have devoted his pen like Byron to a wronged people, we cannot regret. When his dignified and reserved appeal reaches, as it surely will, the eyes of the Sovereign on whom the fate of Samoa depends, may it meet with favour. The great ones of the earth, I verily believe, are among its best. Prince Bismarck annihilated Consul Knappe, the tyrant of Samoa, by the fatherly quaintness of his rebuke, "I cannot call your conduct good." His Master can, and may, do more.

It will be inferred that the interest of the book lies in political controversies which can hardly be discussed in these columns. On this, as on most vexed questions, the philosopher seeks in vain for expressions which would not offend some excellent people or other. Nor does the event vastly interest him. So I will only mildly observe that the admirers of Harmodius and Aristogeiton (and what good Republican has not been taught to admire them?) should surely glow with rapture to hear that Mataafa and his Samoan braves had exterminated the whole of the European vermin, saints and sinners, who infest their borders, sparing only the few just men who have done them right and chiefly him who espouses their friendless cause. Y. Y.

* 'A Footnote to History. Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa.' By R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell and Co.) 6s.

THE REPUTATION OF GEORGE SAXON.*

Mr. Morley Roberts is one of our best writers of short stories. Though a greater care for his growing reputation might have demanded a judicious weeding of both the present volume and his last one, 'King Billy of Ballarat,' yet both collections prove that he has in a high degree some of the essential qualities of a first-rate story writer, the keen scent for the picturesque in character and incident, the sense to know when a scene is dramatically finished, and wide interests. With very considerable literary ability, Mr. Roberts has something of the journalistic *flair*, the aptitude for taking swift, significant glances at life. He has knocked about the world, and is equally at home in the Bohemia of squatters in the colonies and in that of artistic circles at home.

'The Reputation of George Saxon' puts us at once in mind of Mr. Anstey's 'Giant's Robe.' But though there is a certain similarity in the plot, in the real motives of the stories there is great divergence. Saxon's mania for literary honours, which he cannot earn but only buy, is powerfully suggested, and his agony, all the more acute that he has bought so many kinds of reputation—as a novelist, a poet, a philosopher, historian, and theologian—and has to don the robe of each, is a torture than which Mr. Gissing pictured nothing quite so ghastly in his 'New Grub Street' Chamber of Horrors. The other tale of literary life, 'The Plot of His Story,' is subtle, but Mr. Roberts has let loose rather more moralising than befits such narrow limits. Some of the so-called stories are not stories, but experiences, rather—invented experiences perhaps—and of these 'The Bronze Caster' and 'A Noble German' are full of vigour. But the best thing in the book is 'The Troubles of Johann Eckert,' which tells of the struggles of a weak and lonely man crossing the "veldt," with the Hottentots pursuing him without and his own conscience within. From Mr. Roberts' interest in problems of morals and character, it would seem as if he should succeed in working on a larger scale. And we expect from him before long a better novel than he has yet given us.

* 'The Reputation of George Saxon, and other Stories.' By Morley Roberts. (Cassell.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER. Pseudonym Library. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

There used to be, in the eyes of English readers, a kind of halo round Russian fiction. Only a small number of persons knew the language then, and they were people of discretion and judgment. They gave us Turgenieff, and Dostoïeffsky, and Tolstoï, and so made us believe that all Russian novels were of a superior order. They might be exotic, queer, morbid, but we had little or no evidence to

prove that really inferior kinds existed. But the halo is fading. There are many readers of the language now. Russian has been turned into a hunting-ground for translators, all of them not discreet persons. And so we have been presented with 'The General's Daughter,' surely one of the foolishest stories published for many a day, made worse, too, by the evidence it bears that the writer has a keen eye occasionally for character. The translation is perhaps not very skilful, but the translator cannot be blamed for the absurdities of the narrative. Yet there are good points in the book. The central idea—the dead girl influencing powerfully the life of another who has never beheld her—is distinctly good, though the machinery used, the reading of the diary, is weak enough. There is, too, a capital autobiographical description of a good-natured, spoiled child; but such points are little use in a story so immorally absurd. A girl of shrewish, worldly temper reforms suddenly, and evidently with perfect ease, by reading the diary of the deceased "angel." The "angel," by-the-bye, writes herself down in the diary as a capricious and even bad-hearted little egoist, who, when the world went hard with her, escaped from her home duties, and devoted herself to teaching little peasants, developing in a single day, it would appear, and with ease, all the virtues she had been particularly lacking in previously, and leaving after her death the memory of a saint. Her influence is so unwholesome that Zinaïda, the little vixen who has fallen under her spell, shoots herself on her grave, the reason given, apart from Zinaïda's case, being about as good a one as suicides can hope to have—"She felt awkward among the living."

THE SAGHALIEN CONVICT. Pseudonym Library. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

But another little volume, also of the Pseudonym Library, comes to take away some of the reproach 'The General's Daughter' casts on Russian fiction—'The Saghalien Convict, and other Stories.' The three first tales at least have one strong distinctive flavour, an atmosphere which enwraps them and divides them from the region of the commonplace. They are pictures of Russian and Siberian life, melancholy enough, the first telling of the adventures of convicts escaped from Saghalien; the second, 'Easter Eve'—an artistic gem—the attempted escape of a convict tramp; and the third, 'Væ Victis,' the tale of an insolent attack on a village colony of Dissenters in the forest. But their chief interest is not the convicts or the sentries that watch them, not the invaders or the invaded in 'Væ Victis.' It lies in the spirit which hovers over them all, the spirit of the *taiga*, the great unbroken forest, the "enchantress" that charms the vagabond in man, that defies civilisation, and shelters outcasts. In these two or three little pictures a strange contrast, though never aggressively asserted, is yet ever present, between the restraint of crime and of power and of the law, and the inextinguishable craving for freedom "blowing in the breath of the fresh wind of the taiga."

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM. By Mrs. Riddell. 3 vols. (W. Heinemann.)

'The Head of the Firm' has the glamour over it which all stories—even much worse ones—possess that tell of sudden windfalls of fortune. Tales of the topsy-turveydom of luck, especially the turn of the wheel from bad to good, give to life for a moment or two a delightful uncertainty, something of the rich magic of an Eastern fairy tale. In this particular turn of the wheel the fortune rains down suddenly on no less interesting and picturesque a person than a coster girl, Aileen Fermoy. Aileen is a very superior coster, and graces her luck by her beauty at least, and generally by her discretion—except when she offers £60,000 to a deserving young man. But once the fortune is really hers, and she is handed over to the tender mercies and the proprieties of Miss Simpson, to be made a "lady" of, we are no longer so interested. Indeed, the sober young coster girl, who will not set out from Battersea to enjoy a noisy Bank Holiday, proves to be a rather dull young woman in elegant society. The Head of the Firm is a shadowy personage, amiable, gentle, pleasant, with an inaptitude for business, a mania for philanthropy, and an aristocratic wife with a retinue of needy relatives. His wife, his temperament, his philanthropy, contrive to land him in fraudulent bankruptcy. But we are never made to realise vividly the tragedy that happens. An element of humour is brought into the story by Mr. Reginald Tripsdaile, the zealous guardian of his own dignity and his brother's interests, and one of the most entertaining and original characters to be found in any of the novels of the month.

THE NEW OHIO. By E. Hale. (Cassell & Co.)

'The New Ohio' is a 'Story of East and West,' but not of the 'Naulahka' type. It belongs distinctly to the pleasant order of literature, and in spite of the emigrant hardships and Indian raids it tells of, you never for a moment feel uncomfortably anxious. The action takes place during the emigration beyond the Alleghanies from the Eastern states more than a century ago, and it is the adventures of Miss Sarah Parris on her way to Muskingum, and on her arrival there, that we are chiefly asked to follow. That plucky young lady joined an emigrant party, going many hundreds of miles, in a waggon, on foot, or by boat, eager to carve out her own fortunes. She has previously dismissed her butterfly lover, Harry Curwen, with an admonition to use his life to more purpose. The admonition he takes both promptly and seriously, enlists as a volunteer on a government expedition to the place where Sarah has settled, and, very satisfactorily, does not find her till he has proved himself to be an enterprising and capable young Yankee. But the career of that man of many friends and many talents, Silas Ransom, is even more interesting than the adventures of these young people. The story has a kind of historical background, among the real personages introduced being Washington and John Fitch. We infer from some words of Mr. Hale that he does not look upon himself as "a novelist of the architectural and constructive veins," and so we need say nothing concerning the plot. But there is a pleasant open-air feeling about the story of the journey, the sleeping beneath the stars, the wood-faring and boat-building, that makes us heartily agree that the days of the first great migration to the West are good days to look back upon and to write a novel about.

LEONA. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Cassell & Co.)

Mrs. Molesworth, after successfully devoting her undoubted talents to the demoralisation of juvenile literature for the last dozen years or so, reducing it to a depth of *banalité* which it never even reached during the literary reign of the consumptive good girl and the healthy bad boy, has written a story for children of older growth, which lays claim to be a novel. 'Leona' may be recommended as giving a faithful enough surface picture of the sayings and doings of "nice people." The manners and morals of these are at least well polished, but especially are their clothes well cut. In fact, the most unworldly amongst them is filled with a kind of fetichistic belief in the power of frocks. A gentle sentimentality pervades the whole, and the hero, Sir Christopher, is, in the approved style of such literature, an unctuous soldier. The shadow of a purpose may perhaps be discerned in the book—the desire to show that the most worldly and most artificial society is as good a breeding-ground for all the virtues as any other, and that the existing social order of things is comfortable and heaven-appointed. One possible bad result may be expected from 'Leona': it may drive its readers to literature of a highly sensational and anarchist character in their mad craving for change of air.

DOWN IN THE FLATS. By Cleveden Kenn. (Unwin.)
MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD. By J. E. Muddock. (Chatto & Windus.)
THE DYNAMITARDS. By Reginald Tayler. (Henry.)

Among the other novels of the month is one called 'Down in the Flats, or Party before Fitness' — whatever that may mean — dedicated to three clerical "Champions of Sanitary Christianity," interesting to philanthropists; but as a story it is a hopeless muddle. From the unsanitary flats of to-day it is a relief to turn to Mr, Muddock's highly romantic tale of 'Maid Marion and

Robin Hood,' where the old legends are liberally amplified and prettily touched up. And for modern romance or sensation, to fill up an hour's railway journey, 'The Dynamitards' would serve excellently well. The adventures of the black bag, containing the inculpating papers of the "Brotherhood," as it is chased about by the hero of the Constitutional League and by his double, the villain, are warranted to keep one awake. G-Y.

LIST FOR BOOK CLUBS.

THEOLOGY.

Magee's Speeches and Addresses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Boyesen's Essays on German Literature.
Elton's Career of Columbus.
Freeman's Sicily (Story of the Nations).
Gossip of the Century.
Miss Thackeray's Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning.

POETRY.

Archer's Translation of Ibsen's Peer Gynt.

FICTION.

Anstey's Voces Populi.
Hale's The New Ohio.
Muddock's Maid Marion and Robin Hood.
Riddell's The Head of the Firm.
Roberts' The Reputation of George Saxon.
The Saghalien Convict (Pseudonym Library).
Tolstoi's Anna Karenina. English translation.
Watson and Wasserman's Marquis of Carabas.
Westall's Ben Clough.
Zola's Attack on the Mill.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AL.—The sunrise one is good. It shows talent for descriptive poetry, but isn't there something wrong in the herald's playing Æolian music? The June song is a pretty fancy, but the "deepest dearest" rhapsody wants making over again; and it might be worth your while doing it.

AIE PONEIN.—Good narrative style. The matter, too, is well put together. A little more local description might have improved it, and saved it from being a compilation of facts not very inaccessible. You might offer this to a magazine, preferably a religious one. Were it a little shorter, its local interest might gain it acceptance in a Border newspaper.

APEX.—At your request, the poem is not taken seriously. The joke is a little ponderous, but I congratulate you on the spirits that engendered it.

A. R.—Is it not rather useless to attempt to treat so big a subject in a few short paragraphs? Your essay is made up mostly of crude jottings of obvious and commonplace thoughts, though there are one or two well-expressed sentences in it. On p. 60 there are some eccentricities in the use of the paragraph, "Craftsmen like ——— were as much influenced by the tone of their day, as by their own abilities." Here what you mean to say is needless; what you actually do say is worse. You should keep a thing like this in your note-book, till you have thought the matter out and shaped it.

BUTTERPAPER.—A needlessly painful subject, but the fascination of the moving crowd is well described. On the whole, however, the sketch is weaker than the last two or three you have sent. It is not so well written. The lumbering phrases like "dangerous vehicular whirlpool" are more frequent. Do not permit yourself to shirk difficulties of expression by the means employed in the following:—"that much amusement might (?) be attained."

DEMOS.—Not bad, but it would not serve you very well as a specimen. Why do you mention the *conte* at all, since it has nothing to do with the matter in hand? The punctuation is in several cases actually misleading. The sentence beginning "A brilliant living critic," has no end. The quotations are not well chosen, but perhaps you sought for unhackneyed ones. The critical judgment displayed is not first-rate, since you find "intoxicating charm" in that particular passage. Perhaps you meant to use another affix. However, if only your composition were a little more accurate, you might write with some brightness and vigour.

JACENT HEIN.—You've improved it; but have introduced a needless amount of strong language, and the pomposity has not disappeared. A normal boy of fourteen speaks of his "father," rather than his "parent"; he also goes to bed, he does not "seek his couch," and his delight in Saturday would not be adequately expressed by saying it was "devoid of school hours."

LEX.—The prologue is not wanted. As for the rest—there is not much in it. It might be modified into a sermon, or you might offer it to a minor religious paper—but not with much chance of success. There is nothing very new in it, nor much brightness of expression. It would probably be most effective if spoken.

HEO.—The song is pretty, and worth setting to music. The first stanza is the weakest, the words being rather conventional.

J. M. C.—A tale of woe, but whether worth telling is another matter. If each of the three harassing situations—(1) on the steamer, (2) in the restaurant, and (3) at the opening of the pocket-book—had been complicated a little more, you might have aroused some interest in the young man's miseries. But he walks out of his difficulties in too easy a fashion. You might improve this story in several ways. It is not very well written. There is something to be mended in the first paragraph. "Outdone" is wrongly used in paragraph 2. "Never travelled less than first class"—what does that mean?

L. M. N. O.—It is difficult to give any advice about such compositions. They are dogmatic, not thoughtful, and in style altogether conventional. Since you are fond of writing, you should practice writing on subjects which do not admit of vagueness. Above all, do not "pour out." What is poured out without restraint is almost sure to be valueless.

PEARL.—It must have been Pallas not Venus, after all. Venus could never have been so instructive during the interview. The verse is careful and correct, and the feeling it expresses is excellent. It has but one fault; it is dull.

PUCK.—You might try again with a girls' paper. It isn't very good. A reader would be inclined to agree with Beatrice's questioner as to the value of the surrender at that particular moment. And the specimen incident has an improbable air. But it is written in good narrative style, and the picture of the professor and his wife is interesting.

P. W. S.—No, it is not a waste of time. The central thought in the poem is interesting, and there are at least three good lines. But it is unshaped at present. The lines don't hang together, *e.g.*, "What brought . . . are lost." And the repetition of expressions like "Whence this change?" "What brought the change?" "But is it so?" "Some people say," within a few lines, gives the verses a prosy air.

F. VILLON.—Your letter is, at least, very interesting. The review you send is fair, but your imaginative work is better than your critical. The writing is faulty. "The work is confessedly simply the introduction, etc.," "the purposes of the essay *had been* better effected, and the author *would have had* greater success, etc.," in such phrases, and in some of the Johnsonian periods even, on p. 47, there are things that call for improvement. Who or what is the "bane" (p. 46)—the literary apprentice, or the cold looks of the public? The correction of mistakes is just a little too solemn for a review. It reminds one of the Young Author's Page. And you are wrong yourself, once at least. But on the whole it is a fair and creditable bit of criticism, and in regard to it I endorse fully your own concluding paragraph regarding the work you had in view.

VIOLET.—Poetry? No, but No. 1 seems admirably adapted for a drawing-room song. It would have a success did some friend set it to music. This verdict is sincere, and so is the criticism involved. Of No. 2 I might say the same, were all the lines of the proper length.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—The idea of the story as revealed in the last sentence, is good, but it is poorly carried out. As the MS. is short, it would be worth while re-writing. Rose is the worst blot on your present version. Her conversation, as she sits on the boulders, Renan in hand, and the lecture she delivers in the last scene, are very heavy. And the conversation between Blanche and her mother is unnatural in the highest degree. If you want to write good stories, don't preach.

NORA HOPPER.—(1) Good; but does "beloved of grief forgot of joy" describe all these women? (2) Very pretty indeed, and with some real magic in it, but a little hard to follow. In the last verse but one is not the thought just a trifle complicated for the objective character of the poem? (3) Good, but you can do better on less solemn subjects. (4) The two lines beginning "Some day, etc.," spoil the picturesque effect. They have an unctuous sound. (5) "My path——thyme," good. The rest is too patronising in tone.

HURRY.—It would make a rather good railway novel. It is a little abrupt, and there are, of course, improbabilities—the wooing of the Russian, for instance, and the dynamite object lesson. But it is readable. The incident on p. 36 might be modified. On p. 29 there is an exaggerated statement which wants toning down, and on p. 39 a detail to be altered.

J. J.—Might be effective if spoken, but a rhapsody like this is apt to be unfairly judged if written down. Your gift is oratorical evidently rather than literary, and I should advise you to cultivate it, and leave pen and ink alone.

LAON.—The fragment is so very short that it hardly calls for comment, except that two awkward compound adjectives are too many within a space of four lines, and that the spelling is not perfect. I don't understand the second well enough to criticise it. The bracketed words are puzzling. Are they part of the game? The rhythm is good, but a *tour de force* of this kind is a poor test of ability.

MANNIN VEG VEEN.—Very crude. Devotion to the extent of sending "nice Christmas cards" is of too unheroic a pattern for anyone to feel interested in your central figure. Give your heroine one name only; it saves confusion. Wait a few years before making further literary efforts.

NETTA.—Your verse is singularly defective in form. The lines are evidently built on a certain plan, but neither in length nor in accent

do they carry out your intention. And only perfection in form or originality in expression could redeem 1 and 3 from being common-place. Read the last stanza of 3 aloud, and be your own candid critic. No. 2 has a slightly fresher subject, but the reiteration of "dear" makes one wince, and the rhythm here is worse than ever. It would be best to concentrate your attention on learning to write prose.

W. M.—A wildly improbable tale. All the characters in all the scenes act as they would have acted under no conceivable circumstances. Perhaps Whitwell's call on Mary and the forged letter are the most absurd incidents. I don't think you should write stories.

Paganus.—The translation seems to be faithful. It will have our more careful attention next month.

El Kahireh.—Very good. You might send the paper to a magazine for girls or young people, to any secondary periodical that accepts short descriptive articles and welcomes information.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bettany, G. T.—Mahommedanism and other Religions of Mediterranean Countries, 2/6.....Ward & Lock
Crosse, T. F.—Sermons. Second Series, 6/-.....Wilmshurst
Expository Times, The—Vol. iii. Oct. 1891-Sept. 1892, 7/6 T. and T. Clark
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